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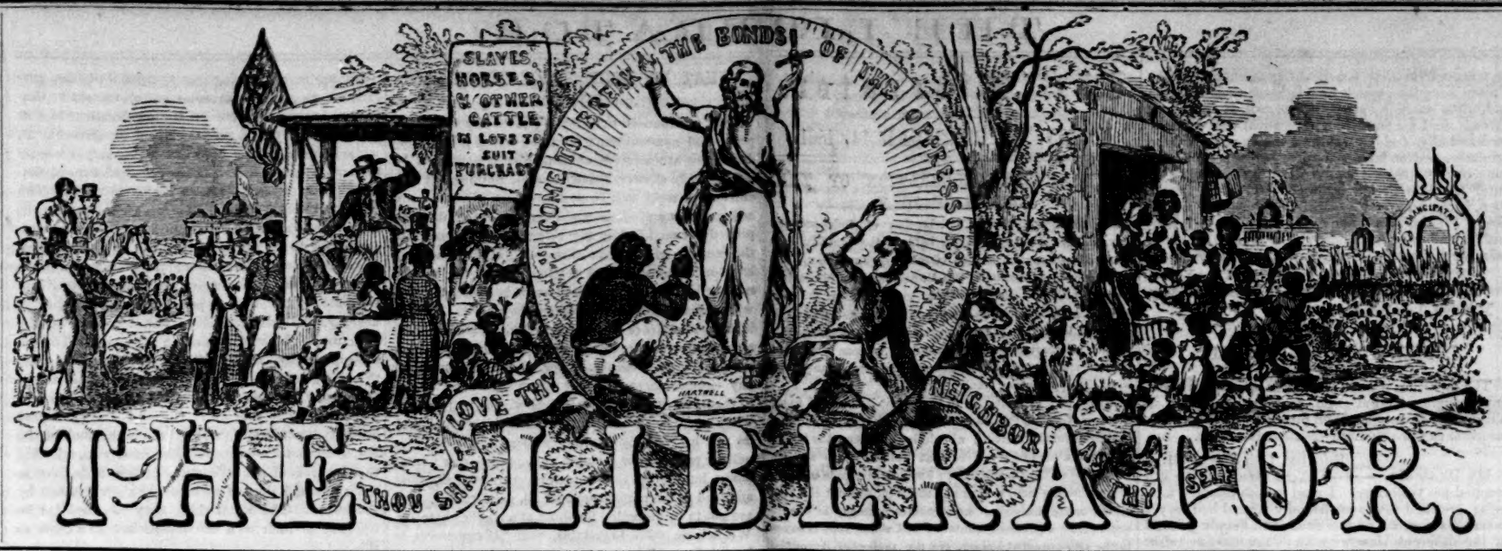
SLAVES, HORSES & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF
THOU SHALT
THE LIBERATOR.

The United States Constitution is "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

☞ "What order of men under the most absolute of monarchies, or the most aristocratic of republics, was ever invested with such an odious and unjust privilege as that of the separate and exclusive representation of less than half a million owners of slaves, in the Hall of this House, in the chair of the Senate, and in the Presidential mansion? This investment of power in the owners of one species of property concentrated in the highest authorities of the nation, and disseminated through thirteen of the twenty-six States of the Union, constitutes a privileged order of men in the community, more adverse to the rights of all, and more pernicious to the interests of the whole, than any order of nobility ever known. To call government thus constituted a Democracy is to insult the understanding of mankind. . . . It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and of slavery. There is no name in the language of national jurisprudence that can define it—no model in the records of ancient history, or in the political theories of Aristotle, with which it can be likened. It was introduced into the Constitution of the United States by an equivocation—a representation of property under the name of persons. Little did the members of the Convention from the Free States imagine or foresee what a sacrifice to Moloch was hidden under the mask of this concession."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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Refuge of Oppression.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY!—OUR COUNTRY AND THE RIGHT!

These are *our* war cries. Our brave soldiers engage in this conflict with an approving conscience. Our holy cause is sanctioned by patriotism and hallowed by religion. Sanctioned by patriotism, because we are fighting for inalienable rights,—rights recognized in the Declaration of Independence, the Federal Constitution, and all the State Constitutions adopted before the rise and spread of the religious and political heresy of Black Republicanism,—rights asserted and vindicated by every expounder of that Constitution which has been overthrown and repudiated by the Black Republicans and their vulgar master. Hallowed by religion, because it is just and true; and religion ever hallows justice and truth. OUR COUNTRY AND THE RIGHT! is *our* war cry. We leave to the obsequious, time-serving vassals of the usurper Lincoln, the questionable shibboleth of "our country, right or *wrong!*"

Our clergy stand by our brave soldiers. They bless their banners. They administer to them the sacraments, on their departure for camp. They kneel with them at the altars of our BLESSED LADY. They invoke for them her loving protection. They do so consistently, because she is the patroness of America, and the Confederate States are the *legitimate* successors of the old United States, which were placed under her special protection. All the principles of human right and civil law, which were the fundamental basis of that old government,—at once its body and its spirit,—are ours, and ours alone. We are the *lawful* successors of that government; its *true* heirs, in the eye of human justice and Christian science. Lincoln has, in almost every important measure of his ignominious administration, usurped powers specially committed to Congress, and withheld from the Executive; and in not only submitting to, but in supporting his usurpation, the misguided masses of the Black Republican States are, as accessories, guilty of the heinous crime of usurpation committed by their vulgar master.

We tell our Catholic friends in the North that the duty of allegiance to legitimate government involves the corollary of opposition to unlawful power. So far from being under any obligation to sustain the Lincoln usurpation, either by their money or their arms, they are bound to *resist* it, to oppose it, even by open revolution, if it be practicable.

Judge Burnett, that especial and very worthy favorite of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Cincinnati, in his "Path of a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church," when speaking of the right of revolution, and, of course, *a fortiori*, of secession, says, "They who created [the government] may destroy or change [it], when sufficient reasons exist therefor; and of the sufficiency of these reasons they have the political right to determine. The founders can resume the powers they originally conferred upon their agent, whenever there exists, in their opinion, a sufficient cause for it." This does not, in our opinion, justify the usurpation by the Black Republican President of powers committed to Congress, and expressly withheld from the Executive, but it places beyond question the right of the aggrieved States to secede from the old Union, on the ground of the inalienable right asserted by Judge Burnett, even if secession be not recognized, as we contend it is, as a *Constitutional* right, fairly deducible from the letter and the spirit of the old Federal Constitution. The people of the several States, acting through their respective Conventions, established the Federal Constitution. In the language of Judge Burnett, they "created it," and "sufficient reasons" having existed therefor, they have withdrawn from this Union, in the same manner in which they entered it,—that is, by the people of the several States acting through Conventions, lawfully elected in the manner prescribed by their respective Constitutions; thus, "resuming the powers originally conferred upon their agent." Strictly speaking, there has been no revolution at the South,—no overthrowing of the laws,—no violation of any statute, possessing either moral or legal force. Everything has been done strictly in accordance with law—nay, more, everything in harmony with the obligations imposed upon conscience by the Catholic Church, in its teachings with regard to duty to the State. This we assert on the authority of Catholic clergymen who are not inferior, in any particular, to the most learned and orthodox of the priests or dignitaries of the Church in the Black Republican States.

In the terse words of President Davis, "WE FEEL THAT OUR CAUSE IS JUST AND HOLY." This is no mere *opinion*. It is a *conviction* assimilating to that of *Faith*. We not only *know*, but we FEEL it. In waging a war against us, Catholics at the North and the West are fighting against the right. Let them "think well on't."—*New Orleans Catholic Standard.*

RECREANT IRISHMEN IN THE SOUTH.

One Captain Monaghan, in New Orleans, made this speech, on receiving a stand of colors presented by women of New Orleans to "Company B of the Irish Brigade":—

"You have been pleased, kind sir, to refer in terms of eulogy to the gallant and glorious deeds of our brave countrymen in other lands. A bright, glorious opportunity is now afforded us of fighting side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, with *our gallant and chivalrous brethren of the sunny South*; fighting, too, in *a cause hallowed by God and man*. Animated by the *justice* of our cause, cheered by the prayers and kind wishes of our mothers, wives and sweethearts, can we fail? No—never, never, never!

As I have just said, reverend sir, the history of the Irish Brigade has been written, but the history of this company yet remains to be written. That it will be a bright and glorious one in the annals of this war, I have not the slightest doubt—I feel it in every fibre of my frame; but should we fall, it will be as Lochiel said:—

'With our backs to the field and our feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on our name,
Look proudly to Heaven from a death-bed of fame.'"

It appears that a rebel priest, Father Moynihan, made the presentation on behalf of Mrs. John Armstrong and Mrs. Redmond, and that the reverend gentleman relieved himself of the following:—

"Your cause is *a just and holy one*. You are challenged to the contest. You buckle on your armor, not for the purpose of conquest or acquiring military glory, but to defend your homes, your properties, your firesides and your altars from Northern aggression.

You will not suffer Southern soil *to be contaminated by the polluted footprints of Northern vandals*, whose aim is to subjugate the South, to reduce her brave, warm-hearted, martial sons to a state of servile degradation; but they will know it to their cost—their hearts are too cold and phlegmatic to stand the edge of Southern steel."

LINCOLN'S WAR POLICY.

The policy which dictated and directs the war now waged by the North against the South, is one of unmatched and unmitigated atrocity. The ordinary sentiments of humanity and the benevolent principles of the Christian religion are stifled and ignored. Schemes of hellish cruelty and outrage, such as never before were conceived by the most bloody tyrants or relentless savages, are freely and shamelessly discussed and advocated by the satanic press of the North; and an administration, whose folly is only surpassed by its intense and boundless wickedness, hastens to adopt and carry into execution these diabolical counsels.

Lincoln's programme of this war presents, as its most prominent features, indiscriminate massacre and pillage, the murder of defenceless women and unoffending children, the sacking and burning of Southern homes, towns and cities, the extermination of an entire people, and the utter desolation of a land, whose inhabitants are guiltless of any crime, save the assertion of the sacred right of self-government, bequeathed to them by their fathers.

A brutal soldiery, raked from the sewers of vice and crime, the scum of the population of Northern cities, and a servile race to be incited to insurrection, have been selected as the instruments to carry out this *peace* programme of the infamous Lincoln and his junta of co-assassins. The Lincoln organs, appealing to the brutal instincts of the ruffian minions of despotism, sent to subjugate the South, tell them that "beauty and booty" shall be their reward; that to each of them shall be parcelled out one hundred and sixty acres of the confiscated lands of Southern planters, with a slave to wait upon him; that a gold watch, filched from the pocket of a murdered Southerner, shall be thrown in as a perquisite, and that license will be given them to pillage whatever they can lay their hands upon, and to burn and butcher until their savage natures shall be satiated with vengeance and blood.

This is no fancy sketch, but a truthful outline of the code of instructions to Lincoln's troops, reiterated by the Northern newspapers from day to day. The government which has projected and is seeking to carry out this scheme of stupendous crime, is one professing to have been instituted for the good, and to derive all its just powers from the consent of the governed—the paternal guardian of the safety and rights of those whom it conspires to rob and murder!—*Memphis Avalanche.*

NORTHERN BRAVERY.

The following article, from a recent number of the Richmond *Examiner*, indicates the estimation in which Northern valor and Northern honor are held in Richmond, or at least what ideas of them the *Examiner* finds it convenient to spread among the chivalry:—

"The Chinese and the Yankees are exceedingly alike, and we have always thought that they were much more nearly related than the Japanese and the almond-eyed people of the Flowery Kingdom.

When a Chinaman prepares for war—measuring his enemy's courage by his own—he attempts to work upon his fears. He puts on a hideous mask, arms himself with a huge shield, upon which he paints some unearthly monster; and, when thus accoutered, he goes forth in cold sweat to encounter the enemy. As soon as he beholds his adversary, he utters a fearful roar, broadsides his shield, and if his opponent does not at once take to his heels, John Chinaman always does.

The wars of New England have always been conducted upon the Chinese plan. To hear their orators and read their newspapers, one would suppose that he was looking at a Chinaman clothed with all the pomp and circumstance of mask, shield, and stinkpot. The Yankee orators are only equalled by the Yankee editors in deeds of valor. Let war be breathed, and the first swear to a man that they are ready and anxious to exterminate creation, whilst the latter, not content, like Alexander, to sigh for more worlds to conquer, threaten to destroy the laws of gravity, and lay violent hands upon the whole planetary system. Yet, these war mandarins are all members of the Peace Society, and would no more think of resenting a blow on the cheek, the seduction of a wife, or the dishonor of a daughter, than they would of flying. We have not forgotten how all Massachusetts collected in Boston, when Anthony Burns was to be delivered to his Virginia master, and swore that it should not be done. A single file of soldiers, however, marched the fugitive from State street to the lower end of Long Wharf, through miles of streets packed with valorous fanatics, who did nothing but sing old Puritan hymns, with a most hideous and barbarous disregard to metre."

THREATENINGS FROM VIRGINIA.

The Richmond papers are savagely ferocious over the invasion of the sacred soil of Virginia. The *Enquirer* sounds the alarm as follows:—

"This is the first response of the Lincoln despotism to the shouts for freedom and independence which went up on Thursday from every portion of Virginia.

Do these besotted fanatics flatter themselves that Alexandria is to be kept in chains, like those which bind poor Baltimore to the car of the Federal despotism? The 'bloody and brutal' purposes of the Abolitionists, to subjugate and exterminate the Southern people, stands confessed by this flagrant outrage upon Virginia soil.

Virginians, arise in your strength, and welcome the invader with 'bloody hands to hospitable graves.' The sacred soil of Virginia, in which repose the ashes of so many of the illustrious patriots who gave independence to their country, has been desecrated by the hostile tread of an armed enemy, who proclaims his malignant hatred of Virginia because she will not bow her proud neck to the humiliating yoke of Yankee rule. Meet the invader at the threshold. Welcome him with bayonet and bullet. Swear eternal hatred of a treacherous foe, whose only hope of safety is in your defeat and subjugation.

Virginia will be the Moscow of the Abolitionists—our armies are gathering to the prey, and so surely as the patriot-freemen of the Southern army come in conflict with the mercenary hordes of the North, so surely will they give the world another example of the invincibility of a free people fighting on their own soil for all that is dear to man."

From the Examiner.

Virginia is invaded. The horde of thieves, robbers and assassins in the pay of Abraham Lincoln, commonly known as the army of the United States, have rushed into the peaceful streets of a chief city of the State, and stained the hearth of Virginian homes with the blood of her sons.

One trait of true heroism has signalized this unhappy affair. A citizen of Alexandria, named Jackson, lacked the prudence to haul down the flag of his country, which streamed over his dwelling. That band of execrable cut-throats and jail birds, known as the "Zouaves," of New York, under the chief of all scoundrels, called Col. Ellsworth, surrounded the house of this Virginian, and broke open the door to tear down the flag of the South. The courageous owner of that house neither fled nor submitted. He met the favorite hero of every Yankee there in his hall, he alone, against thousands, and shot him through the heart! As a matter of course, the magnanimous soldiery surrounded him, and hacked him to pieces with sword bayonets on the spot, in his own violated home.

But he died a death which emperors might envy, and his memory will live in history, and in the hearts of his countrymen, through endless generations. Here, indeed, was courage! The true courage, that would not yield or swerve before millions. He stood by his flag; he fell alone in defence of his hearth, and taught the invader what soil he trod on.

From the Dispatch.

The intelligence of yesterday that the myrmidons of Federal power had advanced upon the soil of Virginia, produced an electrifying effect in our community, and among the soldiery. Every eye brightened, and every heart beat high with stern delight that the hour of vengeance was at hand.

OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The newspaper organs of Lincoln are constantly fulminating the most atrocious threats against the women and children of the South. They tell us that these tender objects of our hearts' dearest affections are to be subjected to indiscriminate massacre, and to outrage worse than death. With fiendish satisfaction they gloat over the anticipated ruin of Southern homes, and the murder of the helpless and innocent.

These cowardly threats are neither disavowed nor rebuked by the Washington Administration. They are suffered to pass uncontradicted as authentic expositions of their purpose and policy. They are read by Lincoln's soldiers, as incentives to deeds of cowardly cruelty, and intimations of the blood-thirsty wishes of their employers. They will not be lost on the rabble of vagabonds and cut-throats enlisted by Lincoln's agents, to execute his foul purposes. We cannot doubt that they will be faithfully executed by these minions of the Administration, if they get an opportunity. The drunken ruffian who heads this degraded Administration, and the imbecile but wicked men who compose it, are perfectly willing to turn loose on the South these armies of mercenaries, with instructions to spare neither age nor sex.

A government that begins a war upon those whom it claims to be its own subjects, with the avowal of such atrocious designs, merits only the abhorrence and execrations of mankind, and puts itself outside the pale of civilized and Christian powers. Repudiating the merciful code of modern warfare, by which all Christian governments are restrained in the conduct of war, it classes itself with the Thugs and Sepoys of India, and the merciless savages of America, and is entitled to no more respect or quarter.

Abe Lincoln and his minions think to frighten the Southern people into submission by these horrible threats, but they only rouse them to more determined resistance. Southern men will only fight with more desperate valor, knowing that they are battling for their wives and little ones, whose lives are threatened by an atrocious and insolent invader. They will meet Lincoln's mercenaries on the field of battle as they would robbers and murderers assailing the safety and sanctity of their homes. They give the atrocious Washington cliques full credit for sincerity, in their avowed wish and intention to wage a war of extermination against the Southern women and children, but instead of being exterminated, they are only exasperated to wage against them an uncompromising war.

The Southern people are now satisfied that there was no safety for them under Lincoln's Government, and that they have not thrown off its yoke any too soon. Those who were inclined to judge it leniently, and to tolerate it longest, now see that it is the bitter and unscrupulous enemy of their section, aiming at the degradation and enslavement of the South, and capable of any deed of hellish perfidy, of atrocious cruelty, of damning infamy, to accomplish its ends. Since it has thrown off the mask, and shown itself in its true colors, exhibiting its real purposes, and the unparalleled treachery, injustice, oppression and unkindness of which it is capable, it has awakened in the breast of all true Southern men feelings of unutterable loathing and contempt, and of undying hatred. Upon the altar of their country they have sworn eternal enmity to the detested tyranny—none the less detested that it dares to threaten, with dastardly cowardice and inconceivable meanness, the safety and lives of our women and babes. —*Memphis Avalanche.*

[The ineffable absurdity of all this would be ludicrous, if it were not sad to think of a state of society in which a public journal can solemnly print such extravagant, palpable, manifest lies.]

BITTERNESS OF THE SOUTHERN SPIRIT.

The Richmond (Va.) *Literary Messenger*, one of the leading "polite" literary journals of the South, shows its *knowledge* of Northern Society in the following extract:—

"The rapidity with which Northern society has been demoralized is almost incredible. All the domestic relations are affected by it; husband and wife, parent and child, live together there, or rather apart, in a manner which is an outrage in the sight of Heaven, and of the great Eye of Humanity. We do truly hold that it is, perhaps, from utter despair at a state of things of which they seem at once the unavoidable occasion, if not cause, and the victims, that so many of the better sex have singly, or in bands, perpetrated of late years so many extravagancies in that region. They deserve pity rather than condemnation." * * *

"The system of education at the North, which is being introduced among us, has been much criticised, and with justice. It contains much that is bad. Indeed, contemplated in some of its aspects and relations, particularly with reference to its effects, we do not think we go further than truth warrants, when we say that it could be a curse in any country." * *

"It is very evident, to many of those who are at all conversant with the details of life at the North, that the people of that section are, whether from the effects of climate acting upon the idiosyncracy of race, or from some other cause, wonderfully predisposed to insanity. Legislators, theologians, judges, lawyers, physicians, merchants, in very respectable standing, have exhibited characteristics, and used language and performed actions, indicative of a morbid condition of the functions usually attributed to the brain. Here is a society almost wholly touched with an epidemic mental disorder of such a nature as to seem contagious. The very crimes that are committed in all that part of the Union, when not the acts of acknowledged madmen, have something about them in the details and circumstances of their development which similar crimes of other culprits never exhibit."

Extract from the Richmond *Dispatch*, 18th ult.:

"Preparing with rapid strides to meet the Illinois baboon and his co-workers of iniquity on the borders of our once happy old State, to welcome them with 'bloody hands to hospitable graves.'" * * * "Stepped forward to drive back the half-starved Lincolnites, who, with open mouths, are seeking to devour us with eager avidity." * * * "Well, let them come—those minions of the North. We'll meet them in a way they least expect; we'll glut our carrion crows with their beastly carcasses. Yes, from the peaks of the Blue Ridge to tide-water, will we strew our plains, and leave their bleaching bones to enrich our soil." * * * "Col. Corcoran has found it very easy to swallow an oath, binding him to come to Virginia to cut our throats, and steal the poor negro from his comfortable home." * * * "Lincoln seems to still persist in refusing not only Confederate States ships permission to pass Old Point, but he demurs in granting British ships that privilege, and in all probability will continue to do so until the Old Lion gets fully mad, springs to his feet, and brings a roar that will make the Ape quake with terror, and his rotten fleet return home." * * * "No honest man or nation can do otherwise than execrate the whole batch of politicians, spawned into existence from Black Republican stools." * * * "They are all in good spirits, and determined to give Old Abe's canailles a warm reception, if they come to invade the Valley."

If the hungry and ravenous pack of hyenas who are sent upon their hellish missions of plunder and rapine are driven back into their dens, they will turn upon their silly betrayers, only to make them the victims of their devouring wrath.—*Memphis Appeal.*

Abe Lincoln is a fit successor and representative of the cruel king who thirsted for the blood of the infant Jesus. His cowardly and murderous heart prompts him to wreak his mean and hellish spite upon helpless children, rather than to encounter men in open and manly fight. He will never be caught in that scrape; he will sooner fly than face an enemy. * * * We would be guilty of injustice to the doomed spirits of hell, were we to style these assassins of infants fiends, demons, or devils. Those apostate angels, we may well believe, have too much pride to wreak their immortal hate on such victims. A respectable devil would blush at such a crime.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

Servile insurrection is a part of their programme, but they expect no great amount of practical good to result therefrom—consequently, it is contended that it would be a far better course of policy for the abolitionists to murder the slaves, and thus exterminate slavery. A more monstrous proposition could not emanate from the most incarnate fiend among the damned. But infamous as it is, it finds an advocate in the abolition press. The slaves are to be indiscriminately slaughtered, and when the last one is butchered, then it is thought the institution will cease to exist. The soul recoils in horror at the idea of an unscrupulous war upon the innocent and defenceless slave. The Syrian massacre of the Christians, and all the crimes of its bloody participants, pales before the proposed atrocities of the Black Republicans. Their masters, however, in this, as in all other instances, will be their protectors and saviors. With this much of their published programme, we must not be surprised at any act or threat, as the campaign advances.—*Mobile Register.*

The Northern people have gone mad—stark, staring, raving mad. As to New York city, it is nothing better than a vast mad-house. In no other way can their extraordinary and unparalleled circumsaltation be explained, in no other way can the supremacy gained by their brutal and bloody instincts over their boasted enlightenment and humanity be excused or extenuated. There is no doubt that the Northern people are at this moment fit representatives of the barbarian hordes which formerly devastated the world. They are furnishing the very best evidences that they are incapable of thorough civilization; that they possess only the outward symbols of modern enlightenment, while they are, by nature, cruel, blood-thirsty, arrogant and boastful. But there is really very little danger to be feared from them. Civilization no longer stands in dread of barbarism. —One race of savages has already been expelled from the country; but not that it may fall into the hands of another.—*New Orleans Delta.*

Is the North peopled with Christians or with savages? Is the light that shone from Calvary's bloody summit extinguished, and are our Northern foes only guided by the dark and lurid flame that pilots devils to their carnival? Has the Congress of Hell had its session, and have they commissioned all the legions of the damned to demonize our enemies? Has Lucifer given a furlough to all his infernal cohorts? Has he established his church in every Black Republican's heart, and has he ordained Belial and Moloch his High Priests? Are we to have a war with men or with devils? These questions must be answered. Our implacable foes, goaded on by a hatred that is remorseless and unrelenting, because *they* have insulted and injured *us*, have already answered them. They have inaugurated a war of extermination—a war in which no mercy is to be shown or quarter given. Let it be so! The South has never asked a favor of her enemies. She asks none now.—*Vicksburg Whig.*

The Savannah (Ga.) *Republican*, in announcing the brutal assault of loyal troops passing through Baltimore, says:—

"The people of the Monumental City were right in arresting the progress of an army raised to shoot down their Southern brethren. We hope they will keep up the good work, and even strike at home for their honor and independence. *There are slumbering fires, not only in Maryland, but in States north of her, that await only an* OPPORTUNITY *to burst forth*, and when they appear, we may look out for a revolution that the world now little expects. Thank God! the time has arrived when these minions of Abolition can never plant a foot South of the Potomac. Virginia will see to it, if tried, that they repent the experiment."

☞ Timothy Hainey, a man of a white face but *nigger* by nature, was hung by a mob, in Shelby, in this State, on Friday night, the 10th inst. We presume Mr. Hainey has seen the promised land by this time. We have no sympathy with such men. Our devil thinks all is well enough when such characters are disposed of in such a way.—*N. Carolina Whig.*

SPIRIT OF THE SOUTHERN RELIGIOUS [!] PRESS.

The North Carolina *Presbyterian* complains that Southern men should be pronounced "traitors," asking in an injured tone:—

"For what good reason? Because they have peaceably retired from a despotic and tyrannical government. Because their constitutional rights were denied them, and they were oppressed by a reckless majority. They have appealed to heaven to witness the purity of their intentions, and, as a last resort, they have asserted their right to self-government and independence.

For this, they are to be subjugated, and Christian editors applaud the deed, and Christian ministers invoke the blessing of Heaven upon invading regiments!

Are we not two nations in fact, as well as feeling? * * *

Like our revolutionary fathers, the people of the South are battling for constitutional liberty, for the right of self-government, and for freedom from oppressive rule. (!!!)

There are none who will deny that the Revolution of '76 was justifiable before God and man. Yet the cause in which the South is now engaged *is as just and holy as that in which our fathers fought and died.* It may even be asserted that, for one sufficient reason, which they could plead in defence of their course, the South can present a score.

Our people can go into this conflict with the North with *constitutional liberty and resistance to tyrants* emblazoned on their banners; and in such a cause, and with the spirit which now animates every Southern heart, *God will surely bless them.* A brave people, contending for liberty, life, and honor, cannot be conquered."

The *Central Presbyterian*, of Richmond, Va., is almost furious in the cause of Secession. It brands the patriots of Western Virginia, bordering on Ohio, who still wish to cling to the Union, as a "horde of cringing poltroons." And it denounces the Northern press, with a few exceptions, as pouring forth "floods of falsehood and vituperation, and exhibiting a fiendish ferocity, unparalleled in the annals of journalism. The editorials already published present us with the darkest chapter in the history of human depravity ever written." It adds—"Had the type with which some of these infamous editorials were set been dipped in blood, instead of ink, their complexion would not be more sanguinary." In reference to the position of the State, it says:—

"Virginia, long-suffering, patient, magnanimous, hoping against hope for a peaceable adjustment of the quarrel; standing up for the Union until she stood on the very brink of dishonor; her efforts for conciliation scorned; her right denied, and her appeals derided, at last by the ordinance which declared her full resumption of sovereignty, announced to the Federal Government that her patience, though lasting, was not everlasting. For this, the menacing rod of chastisement has been shaken over her head. Nay, more—to-day armed vessels navigate her rivers, and blockade her ports, and the invading forces have already occupied the borders of her territory. Her gallant sons have sprung forward to the defence of their insulted Mother; assured that they are contending for the most sacred rights, and for the dearest interests for which patriot soldiers ever drew the sword."

The Richmond *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) speaks in a similar tone:—

"It may be that, prepare as we may, the Lincoln Government will insist on the mad undertaking of subjugating us, and that we shall be obliged to fight. If so, nevertheless, let us preserve the advantageous ground taken by us *as a great Christian people*, that we did not seek, neither did we begin war, but are resolved to defend ourselves, though it may devolve on us the sad duty of destroying those who seek our destruction."

The New Orleans *Advocate*, a religious paper, of which Rev. C. C. Gillespie, D. D., is editor, says,

"Davis is the very soul of courage, honor, chivalry; Lincoln is a cowardly sneak. In the midst of the present storm, Davis is calm, cool, generally cheerful, comprehensive in observation, rigidly keeping his own counsel. Lincoln is filled with abject fear, *drunk half the time, occasionally foolishly facetious, whistling to keep his courage up!*"

The *Texas Advocate*, of which Rev. J. C. Carnes, D. D., is editor, says, May 2d:—

"We learn with surprise that the people in other States are wondering how things are working in Texas. Our reply is—beautifully. Everything is all right. The opinion is universal, among white and black, that Texas, 'unrestrained by Divine grace,' can whip any two of the Northern States."

THE ASSASSIN JACKSON. The Charleston *Mercury* pays the following tribute to the memory of the assassin Jackson:—

"War has commenced—the soil of Virginia has been invaded and occupied by a ruffian horde; and, if we mistake not the stuff of which Southern men are made, a blow has at last been struck which shall peal, like the lightning of heaven, over the vast forest, through the millions of burning hearts at the South. Not so much that Virginia has been outraged; not so much that Alexandria has been overrun; not that Hampton is occupied; but that one of those *deeds of heroism* has been performed, which paints the pages of history in light, *bring back the days of noble chivalry, and spread glory over the escutcheon of the Mother State.* The deed of patriotism performed by Jackson has stained, for the first time, the 'stars and bars' of the Confederate flag with blood—and that blood worthy of a true Southern heart—*the blood of a hero.* Upon his own hearth he fell, arms in hand, dealing death to the insulter of that flag—one man against a thousand murderers. He fell, hewed to pieces by the rabble horde. But his spirit will live upon the storm—and, like the hurricanes of the South, will sweep from the uttermost shores of the Gulf to the rugged mountain peaks of the North. It will soar over the field of bloody battle to come, and shriek aloud for vengeance amid carnage. It shall rush forth in the booming of every cannon, and shall gleam in the flash of every Southern blade. And it will live, too, in time to come, when the smoke of battle shall have almost been forgotten. *The name of Jackson shall be enshrined in the heart of Virginia*, as the name of Jasper in South Carolina, and recorded upon the brightest pages of her history. His death is a victory won, and his name should be inscribed, in monumental marble, by the side of Virginia's worthiest sons."

We rejoice at the death of Ellsworth, and only regret that every man who followed him did not share his fate; we lament the sacrifice of the gallant Virginian. * * * We trust that every Colonel in the Federal service will meet his Jackson, and that every Hessian will find his grave upon her soil.—*Lexington (Ky.) Statesman.*

Selections.

THE ARMY AND FUGITIVE SLAVES.

We feel bound to enter our most solemn protest against the return of fugitives from labor, or, in other words, fugitive slaves, who come within the cognizance of the Federal encampments. It has been stated, on several occasions, that these panting fugitives have been captured by the soldiers of freedom and returned, bound for stripes, to their rebel masters, and we could hardly repress our indignation. When General Butler offered the services of his troops to quell a reported servile insurrection in Maryland, we were willing to allow much for the time, the circumstances and the occasion, though we then could hardly determine whether the offer was made in sober earnest, or in bitter irony. Nor do we now propose to use harsh language in reference to more recent transactions, but to discuss this matter soberly, candidly, legally.

We believe that very many of our good, honest fellow-citizens suppose that it is their legal duty to arrest a fugitive slave, and hold him subject to the claim of his master, or return him to his master if known. Now, such is not the fact of the law. The fugitive is only to be delivered up on *claim* of the master. The latter might never claim him, and in absence of such claim, his relations to all other men are the same as a freeman, with the single exception that, knowing him to be a fugitive, it is an offence under the fugitive act to harbor, conceal, or aid him in his escape. But there is no obligation to arrest him, to impede his progress, to send him back, except upon the call of the U. S. Marshal to act as a *posse comitatus.* All such acts are, therefore, merely gratuitous, uncalled for, cruel, and, under present circumstances, absolutely absurd.

What good can such treatment of the escaping slave do? The Southern master will only attribute it to cowardice, and place the returned slave at work in building fortresses or breastworks from behind which the messengers of death are to be hurled upon our armies! Every fugitive so returned is just so much as his value added to the treasury or resources of the enemy.

Do not the officers of our army know that there is nothing to be gained by conciliatory measures toward the South? that every action is purposely misconstrued? Do they not know that the product of slave labor is the foundation of their hopes for the future? Do they not appreciate the fact that the institution of slavery is their great reliance—the chief corner stone on which they propose to build up a despotism, at whose hideous shadow, forecast upon the future, the whole civilized world even now shudders?

Again, let it be understood, that there is no constitutional or legal obligation upon the citizen, even in times of peace, to interfere with the escaping slave, unless he is claimed by his master, and then only on command of the proper officers; much less are our armies raised, have men left their homes, have the plow, the plane, the hammer and the spindle been exchanged for the implements of war, to catch and restore runaway negroes to masters who are waging a most unholy war upon the Constitution on which their pretended rights are based.

But this is not all. Every day's experience, the suggestions and ideas springing up in the minds of men, and which find expression here and there, evince most clearly and emphatically, that this question of slavery is urging itself upon the consideration of the nation in connection with the progress of the present war. What forms it may assume, what demands it may make in the name of Eternal Justice, in the name of outraged humanity, in the name of a common Father, long-suffering and slow to anger, we know not. Precisely what course it may be our duty to pursue, we cannot as yet determine. But, surely, this war is not waged to strengthen the power of slavery, nor to preserve it. The South have voluntarily cast aside, nay, even spurned, all the guarantees which the Constitution was alleged to afford it. They ask no favors. They scoff at what you may please to call acts of good neighborhood; *their thanks are returned from the blazing muzzles of stolen columbiads, belching from batteries erected, perhaps, by the very fugitives whom you have returned to them.*

If the deed of re-dooming a fellow-being to hopeless bondage, to be re-inaugurated with stripes, with anguish unutterable, were a good one; nay, were it even the stern command of inexorable law, there might be some excuse. But we confess, when the deed is not required by law, when it is horrible in itself, pregnant with torture, and to be repaid by contumely, we are at a loss to appreciate that strange fanaticism, to call it by no harsher name, which can impel men to its perpetration. The Southern master would not lift a finger to restore even a horse strayed from the Northern commissariat, but would steal it if he could, or slaughter it sooner than permit its return to the owner; and yet, there are those enlisted in this holy war of constitutional liberty who seem to feel it a duty (or a labor of love,) to arrest and send back a fugitive from labor, although unclaimed, and with the perfect knowledge that every slave so returned is affording aid and comfort to the enemy. We hope there may be a stop put to these acts of gratuitous wrongs.

We have tried to speak of the matter as mildly as possible. But when we see from week to week, and sometimes from day to day, accounts of fugitives escaping, and without complaint, without warrant or process, without claim, being sent, not adrift to help themselves as best they could, but sent back to their masters to writhe under the lash, and then to be used for our own destruction, it is difficult to sustain an even temper; the provocation being so great, the excuse so unworthy of humane consideration.

But we will still try to preserve our equanimity, while we mildly but earnestly remonstrate against any more voluntary slave-catching by our army. That army of freemen, which sprang into existence arrayed in the full panoply of war at the cry of Freedom, to fight her battles, and to sustain her glorious banner, must not degrade its hosts, stain its escutcheon, and provoke divine retribution by pandering to the very curse which the war is destined to cripple in its energies, if not to remove altogether.

Besides, there are gallant, freedom-loving hearts almost without number, in that army, which would be wrung with anguish, stout arms which will be enervated, willing hands which will drop listlessly if these practices are repeated hereafter. It would be bad enough if the soldiers of liberty were to turn from their heaven-inspired mission to aid friends in the recapture of their fugitive slaves; but when this is done in behalf of the very enemies with whom they are at war, a chill strikes at the heart, a shudder seizes upon the frame, and it is with a twinge of remorse that we exclaim,

"In God be our trust."

—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

☞ Thus saith the Lord—"Undo the heavy burden, break every yoke, let the oppressed go free."

HON. CASSIUS M. CLAY'S LETTER TO THE LONDON TIMES.

The following letter was sent to the London *Times*, by Hon. Cassius M. Clay, on his arrival in England, *en route* for St. Petersburg, as minister to Russia.

To the Editor of the London Times:

SIR,—Allow me, in your journal, to make a few remarks upon the complications of the United States of America, which, I am surprised to find, are so little understood on this side of the Atlantic.

1. "*What are we fighting for?*" "We, the people of the United States of America," (to use the language of our Constitution,) are fighting to maintain our *nationality*, and the *principles of liberty* upon which it was founded—that nationality which Great Britain has pledged herself, both by past comity and the sacred obligations of treaty, to respect; those great principles of liberty, that all power is derived from the consent of the governed; trial by jury, freedom of speech and of the press; that "without *law*, there is no liberty"—which we inherited from Great Britain herself, and which, having been found to lie at the base of all progress and civilization, we desire to perpetuate for ourselves and the future of all the nations. The so-called "Confederate States of America" *rebel* against *us*—against our nationality, and against all the principles of its structure. Citizens of the United States—of the one government, (not of Confederate States, as they would have the world believe—but of "us, the people,") they propose, not by common legal consent, but by arms, to sever our nation into separate independencies. Claiming to "be let alone," they conspire against us; seize by force our forts, stores and arms; appropriate to themselves our mints, moneys, and vessels at sea; capture our armies, and threaten even the capitol at Washington!

The word "secession" is used to cover up treason and delude the nations. They stand to us in the relation of one "people." The idea of "State sovereignty" is utterly delusive. We gave up the old "confederation" to avoid just such complications as have now occurred. The States are, by our Constitution, deprived of all the rights of independent sovereigns, and the National Government acts not through State organizations, but directly upon the citizens of the States themselves—to that highest of power, the right of *life* and *death*. The States cannot keep an army or navy, or even repel invasion, except when necessity will not allow time for national action; can make no treaty, nor coin money, nor exercise any of the first great essential powers of "sovereignty." In a word, they can no more "secede" from the Union than Scotland or Ireland can secede from England.

The professed friends of the independence of nations and popular rights, they have not only overthrown the Constitution of the United States, but the Constitution of the "Confederate States" themselves, refusing, in *every case*, to refer their new usurpations to the votes of the people, thus making themselves doubly traitors to both the States and the nation. The despotic rulers over 4,00,000 of enslaved Africans, they presume to extend over us, the white races of all nations, the same despotism, by ignoring the political rights of all but their own class, by restrictions upon the popular franchise, by the suppression of the freedom of speech and of the press, by the terrorism of "lynch law," or tyrannical enactments, backed by standing armies, to crush out the independence of thought, the ineradicable instincts of our world-wide humanity—with the atrocious dogma, that negro slavery is the only basis of real conservatism and progressive civilization, and that the true solution of the contest of all time, between labor and capital, is that *capital* should *own* the *laborer*, whether *white* or *black*.

The success of such demands would send the tide of barbarism not only over the millions of the new world and the isles of the western oceans, but roll it back over England and emancipated Europe, and blot out from history this, the greatest glory of our times.

2. "*But can you subdue the revolted States?*" Of course we can. The whole seven revolted States (2,173,000) have not as much white population as the single State of New York (3,851,564) by 1,500,000 people. If all the Slave States were to make common cause, they have only 8,907,894 whites, with 4,000,000 slaves, while the Union has about 20,000,000 of homogeneous people, as powerful in peace and war as the world has seen. Intelligent, hardy, and "many-sided," their late apparent lethargy and weakness was the self-possession of conscious strength. When they had made up their minds that *force* was necessary, they moved upon Washington with such speed, numbers and steadiness as are not surpassed in history. We have the money, (at a lower rate of interest than ever before,) the men, and the command of the seas and the internal waters. We can blockade them by sea, and invade them by land, and close up the rebellion in a single year, if we are "*let alone!*" For the population of the Slave States is divided, perhaps equally, for and against the Union, the loyal citizens being for the time overawed by the organized conspiracy of the traitors, while the North is united to a man,—the late allies of the South, the Democratic party, being now more earnest for the subjugation of the rebels than the Republicans.

3. "*But can you govern a subjugated people, and reconstruct the Union?*" We do not propose to "subjugate" the revolted States—we propose to put down simply the *rebel* citizens. We go to the rescue of the loyal Unionists of all the States. We carry safety, and peace, and liberty to the Union-loving people of the South, who will of themselves (the tyranny overthrown) send back their representatives to Congress, and the Union will be "*reconstructed*" without a change of a letter in the Constitution of the United States. Did England subjugate Ireland and Scotland? Are the United kingdoms less homogeneous than of old, before wars against rebellion? So will the United States rise from the smoke of battle with renewed stability and power. In turn, now let us ask the British public some questions.

1. *Where should British honor place her, in this contest?* We overthrow that political element in America which has all through our history been the studied denouncer and real hater of the British nation, while we have been always, from the beginning, the friends of England. Because, though under different *forms of government*, we had common sympathies, and a common cause, and therefore a common interest. England was the conservator of liberty in Europe—the Old World; we in the New. If "the Confederate States" are right, then is England wrong. If slavery must be extended in America, then must England restore it in the West Indies, blot out the most glorious page of her history, and call back her freed men into chains! Let her say to the martyrs of freedom, from all the nations who have sought refuge and a magnanimous defence on her shores, return to your scaffolds and your prison-house; England is no more England! Let the *Times* cease to appeal longer to the enlightened opinion of the world; nay, let the statues of the great dead, through which I passed in reverence yesterday to the houses of her political intelligence, be thrown from their pedestals, when England shall forget the utterances of her Chathams, her Wilberforces, and her Broughams—that natural justice is the only safe diplomacy and lasting foundation of the independence of nations.

2. *What is the interest of England now?* If we may descend to such inferior appeals, it is clearly the interest of England to stand by the Union of the States. We are her best consumer; no tariff will materially affect that fact. We are the best customer of England, not because we are cotton-growers or cotton-spinners, agriculturists or manufacturers, but because we are *producers and manufacturers*, and have *money to spend*. It is not the South, as is urged, but the North, who are the best consumers of English commerce. The free white laborer and capitalist do now, and always will, consume more than the white master and the slave. The Union and the expansion of the States and Republican policy make us the best market for England and Europe. What has the world to gain—England, France or any of the powers to gain, by reducing the United States to a Mexican civilization?

3. *Can England afford to offend the great nation which will still be "The United States of America," even should we lose part of the South?* Twenty millions of people to-day, with or without the Slave States, in twenty years will be 40,000,000! In another half century, we shall be *one hundred millions!* We will rest upon the Potomac, and on the west banks of the Mississippi river, upon the Gulf of Mexico. Our railroads will run 4000 miles upon a single parallel, binding our empire, which must master the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans! Is England so secure in the future against home revolt or foreign ambition as to venture, now in our need, to plant the seeds of revenge in all our future? If Ireland, or Scotland, or Wales shall attempt to secede from that beneficent government of the United Kingdom, which now lightens their taxation and gives them security and respect at home and abroad, shall we enter into a piratical war with our race and ally, and capture and sell in our ports the property, and endanger the lives of peaceable citizens of the British Empire all over the world? I enter not into the discussion of details. England, then, is our *natural ally*. Will she ignore our aspirations? If she is just, she ought not. If she is honorable and magnanimous, she cannot. *If she is wise, she will not.* Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY,

U. S. Minister Plenipotentiary, &c., to St. Petersburg.

Morley's, London, May 17.

LETTER FROM MR. EVERETT.

The following private letter was written, without any thought of publication, to a correspondent in Virginia. A copy has been furnished by request for insertion in our columns.—*Boston Advertiser.*

BOSTON, 15th May, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. ———: Your letter of the 9th reached me yesterday. I read it with mingled feelings; gratified that your friendly regard had as yet survived the shock of the times, and deeply grieved at the different view we take of the existing crisis.

It is well known to you that I sustained the South, at the almost total sacrifice of influence and favor at home, as long as I thought she was pursuing constitutional objects. This I did, although the South had placed the conservative North in a false and indefensible position, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the persevering attempts to force slavery into the territory of Kansas, by surprise, fraud and violence, against the known wish of an overwhelming majority of the people. I pursued this course for the sake of strengthening the hands of patriotic Union men at the South; although I was well aware, partly from facts within my personal knowledge, that leading Southern politicians had for thirty years been resolved to break up the Union, as soon as they ceased to control the United States government, and that the slavery question was but a pretext for keeping up agitation and rallying the South.

Notwithstanding this state of things, and the wholly unwarrantable manner in which the policy of secession was initiated by South Carolina and followed up by the other cotton States, and in spite of the seizure of the public establishments and the public property,—which, in the absence of any joint act of partition, was sheer plunder,—it was my opinion that, if they would would abstain from further aggression and were determined to separate, we had better part in peace. But the wanton attack on Fort Sumter, (which took place, not from any military necessity, for what harm was a single company, cooped up in Charleston harbor, able to do to South Carolina? but for the avowed purpose of "stirring the blood" of the South, and thus bringing in the border States,) and the subsequent proceedings at Montgomery, have wholly changed the state of affairs. The South has levied an unprovoked war against the government of the United States, the mildest and most beneficent in the world, and has made it the duty of every good citizen to rally to its support.

I perceive that my having publicly expressed that sentiment, and contributed my mite toward the regiment of Mr. Webster, (who inherits the conservative opinions of his illustrious father,) has caused surprise on the part of some of my Southern friends,—yourself among the most valued of them,—as if my so doing was inconsistent with the friendly feelings I have ever cherished toward the South. But these friends forget that as early as the 12th of April, that is, before the Proclamation of President Lincoln, the Secretary of War at Montgomery had threatened that, by the 1st of May, the Confederate flag should float over the Capitol at Washington, and in due time over Faneuil Hall. When General Beauregard proceeds to execute this threat, his red hot cannon balls and shells will not spare the roof that shelters my daughter and four little children at Washington, nor my own roof in Boston. Must I, because I have been the steady friend of the South, sit still while he is battering my house about my ears.

I certainly deprecated the choice of a President, exclusively by the electoral votes of one section of the country, though consenting with the greatest reluctance to be myself upon one of the opposing tickets. It was, however, fully in the power of the South to have produced a different result. But the disunionists were determined to have their own candidate, though mistaken, I trust, in the belief that he shared their disloyal views. I make this charge against them without scruple, justified by subsequent events, as well as by the language of the entire Union press at the South during the canvass.

After the election was decided, the disunionists would not wait for *overt acts*, because they knew none could or would be committed. They knew that there was an anti-Republican majority in the Senate, and that there would be one in the present House. They "precipitated" the rupture of the Union, because they knew that if they waited, even the pretext for it would fail.

After the cotton States had seceded, and although that circumstance greatly increased the difficulty of compromise, measures were nevertheless adopted or proposed in Congress, which must have removed all sincere alarm on the part of the South, that their constitutional rights were threatened. The accredited leaders of the Republican party, including the President-elect, uniformly pledged themselves to that effect. The two Houses by a constitutional majority pledged themselves in like manner against any future amendment of the Constitution, violating the rights of the South. A member from Massachusetts (Mr. Adams) possessing the entire confidence of the incoming administration, proposed to admit New Mexico as a State, and three new territories were organized without any anti-slavery restriction. While this was done in Congress, the States repealed or modified the laws throwing obstacles in the way of recovering fugitive slaves,—laws which have never been of any practical injury to the cotton States. These conciliatory demonstrations had no effect in staying the progress of secession, because the leaders of that revolution were determined not to be satisfied; and to maintain their policy, which in the light of the Constitution is simple rebellion and treason, they have appealed to the sword.

You say that the South desires nothing but peace, and ask whether the North will not "let you alone"? But, my good friend, the South demands a great deal more than "peace." She claims the Capital of the country, although she has but a third of its population. She claims the control of the outlet of Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries; the right to command the most direct route to the Atlantic from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois,—States whose population amounts to five and a half millions (the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad); the right to dragoon the State of Maryland and the western part of your own State, with Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, into joining the Southern Confederacy; the right to occupy the fortresses which protect the trade of the Gulf of Mexico; the right to shut up the outlet of the Ohio, Mississippi and the Missouri;—and finally, she claims the right for any State, that chooses to pass a law to that effect, to break up the Union. In enforcing these unconstitutional, monstrous, and unheard of usurpations, she asks to be "let alone;" and when the government of the United States, in obedience to the solemn oaths of its members, (from which the leaders of the revolt dispense themselves,) takes measures to defend itself, the Capital of the Union, the public establishments, and the rights of the whole people against this invasion, long premeditated by ambitious and disappointed politicians, (for Mr. A. H. Stephens truly declares that to be "the source of a great part of our troubles,") she exclaims that the North seeks "to subjugate the South."

I cannot describe to you, my dear friend, the sorrow caused me by this state of things. Circumstances, as you well know, had led me to form personal friendly relations at the South, more extensively than most Northern men, and the support given, especially in the border States, to the ticket on which my name was borne at the late election, filled me with gratitude. If the sacrifice of all I have could have averted the present disastrous struggle, I could have made it willingly, joyfully. But I pray you believe me, that I speak not only my own conviction, but that of the entire North, when I say that we feel that the conflict has been forced upon us, to gratify the aspirations of ambitious men; that it is our duty to ourselves, to our children, and to the whole people to sustain the government; and that it is, if possible, more the interest of the South than of the North, that this attempt to break up the Union should fail.

I remain, my dear Mr. ———,

Sorrowfully and sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1861.

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The usual Anti-Slavery Celebration of Independence Day, in mass meeting, will be held in the beautiful and commodious Grove at FRAMINGHAM, on THURSDAY, July 4th, under the direction of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Hitherto, it has never failed to secure a multitudinous gathering of the truest friends of universal liberty, from various parts of the Commonwealth; and the circumstances of the times are such as to warrant the expectation, that the number will be largely augmented at the approaching anniversary.

A most cordial invitation to be present is extended to all who love freedom for those who are unjustly deprived of it, as well as for themselves; who desire to witness the immediate and utter overthrow of that hideous slave system, which has so long consigned to hopeless servitude millions of unoffending men, women and children, and out of which all our national divisions and troubles proceed, as deadly waters from a poisoned fountain; and whose hope is to see in the star-spangled banner, ere the present civil conflict terminate, the symbol of unconditional emancipation from ocean to ocean.

Special trains will run from Boston, Worcester, Milford, Marlboro', &c., at half price. [Particulars hereafter.]

There will be no lack of able and eloquent speakers on the occasion.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
HENRY O. STONE,
WILLIAM A. HOVEY,
E. H. HEYWOOD,
GEORGE W. STACY,
} *Committee of Arrangements.*

HAYTI AND COLONIZATION.

A GUIDE TO HAYTI. Edited by James Redpath. Boston: Haytian Bureau of Emigration, 221 Washington Street. 1861. [Tenth Thousand.]

Mr. Redpath states that, "first interested in Hayti by the rare eloquence of Wendell Phillips," he sailed for Cape Haytian in January, 1859, for the purpose of describing the country and its people. Finding on his return that his Notes were incomplete, he visited the Island a second and a third time—the result being this handsomely printed and useful volume, which contains interesting papers on the history and geography of Hayti—its animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms—its soil, climate, seasons, temperature—its people, character, origin, language, industry, and numbers—its religion and education—its navigation and commerce—its territorial divisions, revenue and debt, army, navy, laws, currency, weights and measures—its diseases and their remedies; together with the Constitution of the Haytian Republic, with the legislative modifications in full—various official letters—a report of the Secretary of the Interior to the President of Hayti, on emigration and the vacant lands, with the decree of the President in relation thereto—&c., &c. It also contains a mezzotint engraving of President Geffrard, and a well-executed map of the island of Hayti, embracing both the French and Spanish portions.

The fact that this is the tenth thousand edition indicates that it has quickly attracted a good deal of attention, and obtained a wide circulation.

No people are more deserving of sympathy and encouragement than the Haytians. None have ever had to struggle against such opposing odds, or to encounter such trials and difficulties, in achieving their independence. From the brutal condition of chattel slaves, they have raised themselves in the scale of civilization to a position that commands the respect of every country, excepting our own, which, always under the sway of the Slave Power till now, has meanly and basely refused all diplomatic intercourse with them, and even an official recognition of their independence. Under the present administration, no time ought to be lost in making that recognition.

Mr. Redpath is prosecuting with much zeal, and considerable success, his scheme for colonizing in Hayti the colored population of the United States, as encouraged and sustained by the Haytian government. Though actuated by a very different spirit, and having a very different object in view, from that which characterizes the scheme of the American Colonization Society, it is none the less objectionable in aiming at such a wholesale exodus. Mr. Redpath philosophizes on the subject as follows:—"There is a profound significance in the fact of the diversity of races,—far deeper than many of our sages know." In this instance the significance is, of course, that the people of color in this country should colonize themselves in Hayti! On this point we are wholly incredulous. He thinks the Black has accomplished his destiny in America, being threatened in the future with annihilation! Hence, "to preserve the African race in America, emigration from it is the first condition."

It is assumed by Mr. Redpath, as it was of old by colonizationists under the leadership of Rev. R. R. Gurley, that there is no chance of elevation for the people of color here; that prejudice against color will always be invincible, and they compelled to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the whites; whereas, by going to Hayti, on the one hand, or to Africa, on the other, they can find the amplest field for growth and progress! "In Hayti," he says, "a far different future is opened to the colored race. There, it can develop itself in freedom; there exhibit its capacity and genius. Nowhere else is there such an opportunity presented,—absolutely nowhere in the world." Yet, while we are writing this notice, the following advices from that Island reach us through the New York *Evening Post*:—

"The feeling on the Island between the black and mulatto population was anything but amiable; the former were in favor of the present mixed government, by which they were enabled to obtain the lion's share of the spoils, while the latter generally favored a French protectorate, as they would then obtain more appointments under the government.

There was also another trouble brewing on the Island, which was likely to embarrass the government. The free blacks that had been enticed there by Geffrard, found things quite different from what they were represented by Redpath and his associates. They were compelled to work two days in the week for the government, until their passage out, some $18, was paid. They were only allowed 83 Haytian currency per diem to live on and support their families, which is equal to about 25 cents of our money. They were also impressed in the army, and being marched to the frontiers. The Haytians took good care to put them in the front ranks.

A person arrived in the Echo, a friend to the free blacks, to stop any further emigration."

How far this intelligence is to be relied on, we do not know, but time will soon determine. We wish unbounded prosperity to Hayti, and success to all emigrants thither, seeking to better their condition; but let all "look before they leap."

BITTERNESS OF THE SOUTHERN SPIRIT.

"The Spirit of the South towards Northern Freemen and Soldiers defending the American Flag against Traitors of the Deepest Dye," is the title of a tract of 24 pages, just published—made up of extracts from Southern journals, thoroughly impregnated with the satanic spirit which marks every expression and act in that quarter. Such dirty blackguardism, such malignant spite, such bitter contempt, such scandalous misrepresentation, such unmitigated falsehood, such wholesale abuse, such brutal ferocity, towards the people of the North, cannot be paralleled in the annals of human depravity. This pamphlet might easily be augmented to the size of a huge octavo volume; for there is no end to the outpouring of Southern ribaldry. We are vainly endeavoring to publish in our columns the specimens of it which are daily coming under our notice, but they are too numerous. For some additional ones, see our first page. How frightfully slavery demoralizes and imbrutes its supporters and defenders, making them lost to all sense of shame, all regard for truth, all perception of what is just and honorable!

"WHAT OF YOUR PEACE PRINCIPLES NOW?"

This question is exultingly put to the friends of peace and non-resistance by those whose military ardor is now at a white heat, as though it could not be satisfactorily answered, and deserved nothing but ridicule. Our reply to it is, that the peace principles are as beneficent and glorious as ever, and are neither disproved nor modified by any thing now transpiring in the country, of a warlike character. If they had been long since embraced and carried out by the people, neither slavery nor war would now be filling the land with violence and blood. Where they prevail, no man is in peril of life or liberty; where they are rejected, and precisely to the extent they are rejected, neither life nor liberty is secure. How their violation, under any circumstances, is better than a faithful adherence to them, we have not the moral vision to perceive. They are to be held responsible for nothing which they do not legitimately produce or sanction. As they neither produce nor sanction any oppression or wrong-doing, but elevate the character, control the passions, and lead to the performance of all good offices, they are not to be discarded for those of a hostile character. We believe with Lactantius, that "it can never be lawful for a righteous man to go to war, whose warfare is in righteousness itself"; with Erasmus, that "they who defend war must defend the dispositions which lead to war, and these dispositions are absolutely forbidden by the gospel"; and with Soame Jenyns, that "if Christian nations were nations of Christians, all wars would be impossible and unknown among men." But we would have no people tamely submit to the yoke of oppression, or to the spirit of usurpation. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," is sound Christianity; but it is the resistance of disinterested self-sacrifice, of manly protest, of sturdy non-conformity, of unconquerable will, of martyr like endurance, with spiritual weapons—not with cannon and grape-shot.

"The first shot fired at Fort Sumter," says the New York *Independent*, "scattered to the winds the doctrine of non-resistance." How does that follow? It is an assertion without argument or proof. That shot demonstrated nothing but the murderous spirit of the traitors who fired it; and, as the result of it, the determination of the government to assert its constitutional supremacy.

Again says the *Independent*, "It has been maintained that war is, under all circumstances, sinful—a sin *per se*—and, therefore, as truly sinful when waged for the defence of liberty, as in aggression upon the territory or the liberties of others." Does the *Independent*, then, subscribe to the doctrine, that "the end sanctifies the means," and that "it is right to do evil that good may come"? There is a difference between offensive and defensive lying, cheating, stealing, and the like; but, in principle, they are all wrong, however good and desirable the object in view. If, by lying, we can save our lives, shall we lie? If, by robbing the wealthy, we can supply the wants of the poor, shall we steal? If, by cheating, we can circumvent another who is seeking our detriment, shall we cheat? And if, by killing our enemies, we can successfully defend ourselves or others, shall we slay and destroy?

Will the *Independent* tell us what is "war under all circumstances" but—war? Its object may be "good, bad, or indifferent"—but does that transform and justify it, as absolutely right, on the part of those whose symbol is the cross of Christ?

"If war is a sin *per se*," says the same paper, "then, of course, a holy and good God could never command men to engage in war." Of course he could not; nor do we believe he ever gave such a command; and we are prepared to say, as our conviction, that "a book which represents him as commanding or approving war cannot," in that particular, "be an inspired or authorized representation of his will." The oracular conclusion of the *Independent*, that "thus the sin-*per-se* dogma, as applied to war, has led some to deny the sacred origin and authority of the Old Testament Scriptures," gives us no uneasiness. The difference between that paper and ourselves is this: we believe in the sacredness of human life, "under all circumstances"—it does not; but it believes in the sacredness of an ancient parchment, and whatever is written therein—and we do not.

Retaliation belongs to the code of Moses:—"Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, burning for burning, wound for wound." It does not belong to the gospel of Christ, which enjoins returning good for evil—patience, long-suffering, martyrdom, the cross—in order that the noblest example may be set, and all enmity overcome.

"Nor is the victory lost when those
Whom love assails disdain to yield;
A host of spiritual foes
Lie vanquished on the field."

"Courage," says the lamented Channing, "in itself considered, is not virtue, is not moral excellence. It belongs to the nerves rather than the character. In some, it is an instinct bordering on rashness. In one man, it springs from strong passions obscuring the idea of danger. In another, from the want of imagination, or from the incapacity of bringing future evils near. The courage of the uneducated may often be traced to stupidity; to the absence of thought and sensibility. Many are courageous from the dread of infamy absurdly attached to cowardice. One terror expels another. A bullet is less formidable than a sneer. To show the moral worthlessness of mere courage, of contempt of bodily suffering and pain, one consideration is sufficient—the most abandoned have possessed it in perfection. The villain often hardens into the thorough hero, if courage and heroism be one. . . . There is, however, a virtuous, glorious courage; but it happens to be found least in those who are most admired for bravery. It is the courage of principle, which dares to do right in the face of scorn; which puts to hazard reputation, rank, the prospects of advancement, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, rather than violate a conviction of duty. It is the courage of benevolence and piety, which counts not life dear in withstanding error, superstition, vice, oppression, injustice, and the mightiest foes of human improvement and happiness. It is moral energy, that force of will in adopting duty, over which menace and suffering have no power. It is the courage of a soul which reverences itself too much to be greatly moved about what befalls the body; which thirsts so intensely for a pure inward life, that it can yield up the animal life without fear; in which the idea of moral, spiritual, celestial good has been unfolded so brightly as to obscure all worldly interests; which aspires after immortality, and therefore heeds little the pains or pleasures of a day; which has so concentrated its whole power and life in the love of godlike virtue, that it even finds a joy in the perils and sufferings by which its loyalty to God and virtue may be approved. This courage may be called the perfection of humanity; for it is the exercise, result, and expression of the highest attributes of our nature."

The war principle has been tried for more than six thousand years, and with what result? It is estimated that billions of the human race have been slain, and the whole earth is red with human gore. Men and nations, from the earliest periods, have armed themselves in self-defence, and to preserve their liberties. And where are the liberties of mankind? What of Europe, Asia, Africa? What of our own country? One seventh portion of our vast population stripped of all rights—no liberty of speech or of the press in all the South—Bunker Hill and Yorktown ending in civil war and the dissolution of the Union!

The newspapers are making themselves merry with the alleged warlike proceedings of the American Peace Society, at its late anniversary in this city; and perhaps not unfairly. The *Independent* (whose moral basis in every direction is a slippery one) is particularly jubilant at the action of the Society:—"With a policy at once ingenious and ingenuous, they enlisted the Peace Society under Abraham Lincoln 'for the war.' . . . All honor to the Peace Society for its manly and inspiring tone!"

But are we not giving our sympathies to the government as against the secession movement? Certainly—because, as between the combatants, there is no wrong or injustice on the side of the government, while there is nothing but violence, robbery, confiscation, perfidy, lynch law, usurpation, and a most diabolical purpose, on the side of the secessionists. The weapons resorted to, on both sides, are the same; yet it is impossible not to wish success to the innocent, and defeat to the guilty party. But, in so doing, we do not compromise either our anti-slavery or our peace principles. On the contrary, we wish all the North were able to adopt those principles, understandingly, heartily, and without delay; but, according to the structure of the human mind, in the whirlwind of the present deadly conflict, this is impracticable. As, therefore, Paul said to the Jews who would not accept of the new dispensation, "Ye that are under the law, do ye not hear the law? Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them"—so we measure those who, rejecting the doctrine of non-resistance, profess to believe in the right and duty of maintaining their freedom by the sword. The worst thing they can do is to be recreant to their own convictions in such a crisis as this.

But this is, obviously, not the time to expect a dispassionate hearing on this subject. After the wind, the earthquake, and the fire, comes the still small voice. The war must go on to its consummation; and among the salutary lessons it will teach will be the impossibility of oppressing the poor and the needy, or consenting thereto by entering into "a covenant with death," without desolating judgments following in its train. "Because ye have not proclaimed liberty every man to his brother, and every man to his neighbor, behold, I proclaim liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the famine, and to the pestilence."

THE WORK OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in one of his excellent sermons recently given on the state of the nation, referred to the diversity of opinion existing among Abolitionists respecting the omission of this year's Annual Meeting, and indicated his own feeling by a statement, in substance, as follows:—

If a set of men have been for years working with pick-axes and crow-bars to loosen and remove an enormous rock—and have in all that time, and with their utmost efforts, succeeded only in somewhat impairing its foundation, without starting it an inch from its place—and if then an earthquake, or some force equally new and unexpected, should suddenly overturn this vast mass, and send it crashing down the hill—are the workmen still to keep making demonstrations with their pick-axes and crowbars in the customary manner, as if such movements *now* aided their great object? Is it not their part rather to look on, rejoicing at the new impulse that has assisted their labors?

It seems to me that this image accurately and forcibly expresses our present position. We have been trying to arouse the North in opposition to the slaveholders, but with only a very meagre and partial success. A providential movement as strange and unexpected, yet as far-reaching and tremendous, as an earthquake, *has* aroused this North in unanimous opposition to the very men we wished, though for a different reason. The whole power of the North is now wielded in vigorous opposition to the very men *we* have been opposing. True, this action opposes them only as rebels; but every blow struck against them as rebels weakens their power as slaveholders. However far short this movement falls of accomplishing our wishes, has it not a tendency *in the direction* of our wishes? If the armed force that has hitherto held the slaves in subjection be now compelled to divide itself, and, by sending half its numbers to fight against the North, give the slaves an opportunity (never yet enjoyed) to take possession of their freedom, and the unpaid wages of their labor—if this providential occurrence shall so far disturb the course of the existing oppression that, when the Southern armies retire, defeated, from their raid upon the North, they shall find the places of the slaves either vacant, or occupied by self-emancipated freemen—will not this be an immense triumph and gain to our cause? Could *our* labors—continuing to be despised and rejected, as they are—have gained in half a century so near an approach to success as this? Could our labors possibly have persuaded Lincoln and Butler, Everett and Hallett, to aid in gaining it?

Our wisdom and duty seem to me to be, while this new and strange force continues to operate—continues to unite the North in action which (however differently intended) impairs and exhausts the Slave Power—to let it have this unanimous and immensely effective action, undiverted by any attempt on our part to modify it. We *cannot* modify it advantageously to the slave, since our idea and our method are alike repudiated by those who are now maintaining their own just quarrel against his master. By thrusting in our undesired cooperation against the slaveholder, we should break the unity of his present opposers, drawing upon us part of the resistance which now acts with one consent against him. In short, the Slave Power is infinitely more impaired by the present action of the United States Government, than it could be by any action of the Abolitionists. Whenever the rebels are defeated, the slaveholders will necessarily be defeated. Show me a vanquished traitor, and I will show you a vanquished slaveholder.

Whoever shall assume, from language like this, that those who use it think that Abolitionists have no more to do, will make an enormous blunder. "They also serve who only stand and wait." But the waiting of true and faithful servants is only for the time appropriate for active service to arrive. This unanimity of the North against the rebels is but a temporary thing. When the exigency which has produced it subsides, the unanimity will necessarily subside; when it becomes plain that the rebels cannot take the capital, cannot overthrow the Government, cannot hold the forts and arsenals they have stolen, cannot maintain themselves in the position of war against the legitimate authority of the country, then the old ideas, interests, parties, and diverse ways of thinking and acting, in the North, will resume their force. Then negotiation will take the place of arms. Then, with negotiation, will return the accustomed policy of compromise. And then the Abolitionists must put forth their utmost efforts to provide that freedom and justice be conspicuously and unmistakably incorporated into the Constitution of the United States, and reaffirmed in her laws and usages. In short, the Anti-Slavery element should resume its prominence, and its full activity, as soon as it can do so without dividing the force which is now opposing and weakening the rebellious States; as soon as the condition of things is so changed that a moral opposition to them as slaveholders will not check the existing physical opposition to them as rebels.

This is the first reason for a certain amount of quiescence and inconspicuousness among Abolitionists in the present crisis. But there is another, not less weighty and important. The developments of Southern character, arising from the war itself, will go far to change the tolerance of slavery heretofore existing in the North into opposition to it, thus preparing the North to listen more favorably than now to our words.

This nation has refused to accept or believe the testimony which we have collected and spread before them in regard to the evil character of slaveholders, and the deterioration in manners and morals, necessarily arising from the oppression which they practise. When we have demonstrated that those who rob their slaves cannot possibly be honest people, and therefore may be expected to deal dishonestly with other parties also—when we have demonstrated that those who violate the rights of the poor and weak cannot possibly have a sacred regard for the rights of other neighbors, and therefore may be expected, when opportunity offers, to violate them also—the merchants of the North have turned away from us with utter disregard. Now the South is showing to these very persons, by abundance of practical illustrations, that what we said was true. They have always violated some Northern rights, but they now trample upon them all, and that with alacrity. They add insult to injury. They sharpen injustice with brutal violence. They not only cheat and rob, but demand, as one of their rights, to be "let alone" in so doing! They not only refuse to pay acknowledged debts, but inform their debtors that the will only, not the power, is wanting; and that the withheld funds are to be expended upon powder and ball to batter their towns, and upon privateers to assail their commerce! Are not these as convincing arguments as any we could offer? In spite of the past refusal of Northern merchants to hear us, must they not now necessarily hear the slaveholders, and be convinced by their own unequivocal demonstration of their own character?

Then, in the course of the war which is just begun, another aspect of the slaveholding character will be forcibly exemplified. The brutality, the cruelty, the ferocious animalism of the slaveholding tribe will have free course, and display themselves in unmistakable colors. The Southrons are about to prove to us that they regard "honor" no more than justice! that, so far from practising magnanimity, they do not even comprehend it when manifested by others! do not distinguish it from cowardice! In the approaching contest, by numerous violations of parole on the part of Southern officers, by the slaughter of Northern men after surrender, and by various sorts of shameful outrage upon prisoners whose lives are spared, the South are about to prove, to the perfect conviction alike of our most prejudiced hunker and our most ignorant laborer, that what Phillips, Sumner and Emerson have said is indeed true, and that ours is the contest of civilization against barbarism. When the outrageous language of Southern newspapers* respecting the North, its citizens, its institutions, and its rights, shall have been translated into action; when the citizen soldiery thus grossly maligned shall have found their defeated comrades scalped by the Cherokee and Choctaw allies of the South, and treated with equal brutality by the white slaveholders of Mississippi and Arkansas; then they will see in its true light the character formed by slavery, and the absolute necessity of reconstructing their political system upon the plan of "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS"!

I say, the Southerners will do this part of our work faster and more thoroughly than we can do it. Just now they have "the floor." Let us allow them to speak without interruption. Jeff. Davis will convert the most hardened rejecter of our preaching.

Then, when the rebellion is crushed, as it will be—when the Indian scalpers and the Southern white barbarians are driven back, as they will be—when the slaveholders, having scorned justice, are compelled to sue for mercy, and to yield to the outraged nation such meagre reparation as shall be possible to them—when the pen takes the place of the sword, and conditions are to be framed for a new settlement of affairs between North and South—even if any portion of slavery shall yet remain undisturbed, still these immense changes will have arisen to modify the ultimate arrangement:—the slaveholders will no longer be considered a power capable of dictating terms to the North; and the North will no longer lie under the delusion that slaveholders are specially desirable partners in trade, or allies in State affairs, or "brethren" in the church! These three enormous humbugs will have been effectually exploded. And when, after the war, we, the Abolitionists, renew the declaration that there is neither justice, nor wisdom, nor honor, nor safety in the allowance of any pretext to remain, by which the United States Constitution shall seem to admit even the possibility of slaveholding among the rights of citizenship, we may confidently expect this point to be admitted as already manifest and unquestionable, by vast numbers of Northern men who have hitherto opposed it.—C. K. W.

*See the new tract, entitled "The Spirit of the South towards Northern Freemen and Soldiers"—compiled from the speeches and writings of Southern men since the commencement of the rebellion.

WHY IS THE NORTH UNITED?

Among the few exceptionable points in the excellent discourse of Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood) at the Music Hall last Sunday, was the taking for granted that the war now in progress is actually recognized by the majority of Northern people as a war in behalf of liberty, without respect of persons; as a war in which the extermination of slavery is to be kept in view as the main object, the indispensable pre-requisite to any reconstruction of the nation, any return to the ordinary business of life.

The good wishes of our friend, rather than a careful survey of the facts in the case, must have prompted this idea. Abundant evidence shows that compromise (our Northern term for concession) is not dead, but sleeping. Abundant evidence shows that the incitement to this war in the minds of most Northern men is patriotism, an upholding of their government, (which stands to them for their country,) in the shameful assault now made upon it, and that they view this inroad of the South as the act merely of rebels, not yet perceiving the fact that they became rebels because they were slaveholders.

Take, as one of the details of this evidence, the letter of the Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania, to a citizen of Alabama, dated May 13th, published in the Mobile *Tribune*, and copied in the New York *Observer* of the 6th inst., which contains these sentences:—

"I do not believe that at the North one man in fifty desires an invasion of your soil, or the destruction of your social system. . . . . Only the smallest number of fanatics think or talk of slavery. The whole question is one of self-defence, and of Government or no Government."

Here we have the result of the Bishop's observation, and also his own feeling in regard to the slavery question. His feeling is directly opposite to ours, since he esteems those "fanatics" who care for the rights or the interests of slaves. But his observation precisely agrees with ours, when he says that the great majority of Northern men are not even *disposed* to interfere with slavery. They are fighting for the government of the country, and for nothing else; and, so unspeakably besotted are they by their long tolerance of slavery and fraternization with slaveholders, that if, even now, the rebellion were abandoned, a vast majority of Northern men would agree that the slaveholding might continue undisturbed!

Plain as the baseness, the meanness, the falseness, the dishonesty, the profligacy of the slaveholders are, and have been for a quarter of a century, to us, the majority of Northern men actually need the display of those features of Southern character which this war will bring out, to enlighten them as to the evil tendencies of political, commercial and ecclesiastical union with slaveholders. They have refused to accept, or even to look at, our demonstration of these things. They have chosen, rather, to accept the stern teachings of experience. And I, for one, feel no doubt that, in the coming year, they will make rapid progress in knowledge under her tuition. As the rebellion has irresistibly drawn them to oppose a certain set of men as traitors, so the developments of the war will inevitably show them the necessity of opposing the same men as slaveholders. And thus, in spite of the lamentable delusion which Bishop Potter chronicles and shares, this war (if protracted a year or two, as I think it must be,) will inevitably prove the overthrow of

OUR WAR AND ITS MEANING.

War is uppermost. All reflecting persons ask, for what are we fighting? Some say for the flag, some for a government. Good government, which embraces the ideas of law and order, can never be had in this country till slavery, that infernalist of "institutions," is sunk ten thousand fathoms below the bottom of the bottomless abyss. This is the cause, not of all our sins, (for there will be sinners any how,) but of the existing necessity on us, viz. WAR; and war will have missed its end, after the expenditure of millions of treasure and rivers of blood, unless this cause, slavery, be forever removed, and out of contact with all social and political existence. Some had hoped for peaceable separation; but, with slavery, there is no peace in the Union or out. North and South are not more opposite than Northern and Southern ideas on this subject. Truly is the "conflict irrepressible." Separation of the two sections should never be dreamed of for a moment, as long as a vestige of slavery exists.

Northern complicity is partly responsible for this great national crime. Let the North now repent of her shortcomings in this regard, and nobly shoulder her share of responsibility. She cannot cast the whole responsibility upon the South. Northern framers of the Constitution, Northern statesmen, and Northern votes, have had their full share in the building up of this great wrong. Now let Northern candor and magnanimity march hand in hand with justice, coupled with the sword, if need be. Buy out slavery with Northern gold, if met on equal terms; or, if opposed by disloyalty, then crush it out by the stern exigences of war.

The North owns her rightful share in Southern territory, much of the acquisition of which she has been dragooned into against her conscience; and she is bound — bound to the nineteenth century — bound as a highly advancing civilization, as an educator of present and future generations of men—to see to it that, in the next century, the population of that section shall freely participate in the blessings of good government, and religious, moral and intellectual culture. If the North will not inaugurate this era by this war, then the war is in vain, and we sink to the condition of Goths and Vandals. Let us hope and believe, because we see the same hope and belief crop out everywhere, irrespective of former party or sectarian bias, through countless modes of expression, often silent, half uttered and deep, but more eloquent than the gifted tongue—that such is now, whatever it may have been heretofore, the right, and ought to be the end and object of this war. In spite of short-sighted men, of vain conceit and small ambition, the hand of Providence is in this contest, and to eyes of keener vision more perceptible than ever before. To the hopeful, this beautiful country, with such infinite capabilities, is not only destined to be most fruitful of intelligence and the products of rightly directed industry, but, higher and better than all, a great civilizing agent in the world, and a fit seminary for preparation for a higher life beyond.

In the meantime, both sections will have learned many wholesome lessons; the chief of which may be, that the truckling of principle to expediency, for a present or seeming good, can only end, sooner or later, by inevitable law, in bitter regret to ourselves and to posterity.

In place of much meanness and cowardice, it is now refreshing to have a season of fresh, green impulses, as manifested in love of country and sympathy for the down-trodden. If slavery be struck down now, only one generation will witness an upward progress, throughout all sections of this broad domain, hardly to be dreamed of. Northern capital, and labor directed by skill, will flow to the South like water. Exhausted soils will be resuscitated. Agriculture, the arts and manufactures, will scatter their regenerating influence over every mill-stream, and every foot of surface. New institutions and new life, unknown before, will infuse themselves into the people, and, instead of a sparsely settled and wretched country as we now behold, and as it will ever be so long as the incubus of slavery rests on it, it will become the abode of untold millions of enlightened and happy freemen.

Let none of us fail to keep steadily in view *the cause and the object of this war*. Let the sovereign people, who rule and reign, direct the government, which is its agent, how their blood and treasure shall be spent, and where, when and how this war shall end. W.

THAT AGGRESSOR-GUN.

What a substantial position the South have lost by that one unjustifiable act,—the assault of several thousand men with several batteries against the meagre force of Sumter! They had guarantied to them, by the constitutionally elected President, an amicable policy. They had the uninterrupted course of trade at their control. They administered their own tariff, while the North co-operated with them, though unintentionally, in accompanying their entries of merchandise by protests against the constitutionality and equality of compelling one section of the country to pay duties, and allowing the other section to be exempt therefrom. Thus was their low tariff operating upon the Government like a two-edged sword; for the protest had the Constitution to back it. They had the fort within the purlieus of a speedy and voluntary surrender from necessity; and if not, it was still at their mercy. They had a very large portion of the North in sympathy with them, and exerted a tremendous influence among us. And, in three years and a half, the ballot-box would have constitutionally re-instated the Democracy of the nation in power. What Union man can sanction that unfortunate onslaught?

What their position, now? They have squandered away their vantage-ground to their Republican opponents, with all its appurtenances, and thus declared how unreliable they are even to their old Northern advocates. Their expectation, that part of the North would indorse that outrageous act, and thereby involve themselves, their families, their property, and their business, as well as their social connections and happiness, by internecine war, in one common and inevitable ruin, has been disappointed. They have a united and a resolute North arrayed against them, and not the smallest crumb of comfort from abroad. Any ally would see destruction only before it. They have no North to sustain them, so cordially, as before, in the event of a negro insurrection, nor to return their fugitive slaves, if they persist in a sectional separation. Infatuated men! condemned by an enlightened world of spectators.

Is there nothing more for us to do than to defend the capital? What say the slaughtered remains of Massachusetts men at truculent Baltimore? The imprisoned Northern men for not denying their allegiance to the Union? The peaceable visitors at the South, impressed or *coerced* by the South into military service, —in fort and army? The indignities practised, in various ways, on Northerners, and the banishment of them from Southern cities, with a threat of imprisonment, enlistment, or death? The menaced capture, and consequent monopoly of the Capital, the common property of the nation, by men whose vituperation has been incessant against their own verbally denied right to occupy in common our public territory, as a common possession?

Are these no cause for indignation, no fuel for patriotic fire, so copious in the Northern breast? Is it nothing that so much expense, toil, anxiety, privation, sacrifice, and risk of life, has been incurred already, and that more is yet to come, all thrown upon innocent Northern men whose Democratic counsel has ever been amicable and ingenuous? That we cannot pass through our national cities to our common seat of government, without being waylaid and massacred? Surely, these are eloquent wrongs, hard to be endured, and cravingly entitled to redress; more especially, as they have been aggravated by the harbingered piratical commissions upon our Northern commerce,—those rebel letters of marque and reprisal, scorpion-scourges of the noble-hearted mariner. Our fellow-citizens must be protected every where on the United States soil; they must be released from prisons, forts, armies, and other involuntary positions; our Government must be guarantied against danger and menace; our flag must have universal away all over our public domain; our national laws, civil, military and naval, must be observed by all the citizens of all the States; our public property must be released from monopoly; no State must, with impunity, seize what belongs to all the States; loyalty must be secured, if we would perpetuate or even continue the integrity of the Union. To these strictly reasonable and constitutional objects are the North, the West, and some of the South, now plying their earnest exertions; and we hope that, ere long, "the sober second thought" will persuade our Southern brethren of the fatality of their course, and of the judicious, protective, self-defensive policy adopted by their own fellow countrymen,—all well-meaning men.

Such are the contrasted outline predicaments, at present, between North and South. The serious question arises,—Are they irretrievable by the latter? If not, shall all hands join for the cordial support of a well-tested and invincible Union? Who utters the destructive and treasonable, No?

Until this Union question is demonstrated affirmatively, no more superfluous deference can be lavished by the North to the constructive opinions of the South. We have now taken the resolute stand to have equal rights,—to maintain the occasionally disputed tenets of the Declaration of Independence,—*freedom and equality*; to have as free pass through Southern States, and as great personal security there, as Southerners have when visiting us. As an earnest of this, we have baptized our whole section, till it is actually animated and canopied and decorated with the American flag,—the star-spangled banner of self-governing Columbia; and the contest will be waged, if need be, till its cheerful folds freely wave over every spot of our territory, from the upper line of Maine to the Florida reefs, and from the sea-shore of Cape Cod to the water-edge of the Pacific. HANCOCK.

LETTER FROM SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

ALTON, (Ill.) June 4, 1861.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

DEAR FRIEND—Notwithstanding we are engaged in a war with the Federal Government, and its right to rule, a large portion of the people of the North are aroused in behalf of their own liberties, rather than the rights of mankind. It may be good policy, in the beginning of this conflict, to refuse the aid of regiments of colored men, from the North and from Canada; but there is no necessity for being over-zealous in behalf of slavery. Even Gen. Butler has at last discovered slaves to be "contraband of war," and is employing such as escape to his camp in military service at Fortress Monroe.

But in Southern Illinois, our old-fashioned Democrats are discovering that it is a great crime for the free colored people of Missouri, driven out from that State, by an attempt to enslave them, if they remain, to seek the free soil of Illinois as a place of refuge.

For years, we have had a code of laws on our statute-books, called the Black Laws of Illinois, which the humanity of the people has rendered practically "inoperative," except in a very few instances. These laws are, of course, a disgrace to our Christian civilization; but the Democratic party, which enacted them, has retained them on the statute-book for years, and the Republican party has not yet attained sufficient strength and unanimity of sentiment to effect their repeal.

Recently, in this city, in the midst of our patriotic efforts to crush the pro-slavery rebellion at the South, we have had a new manifestation of pro-slavery zeal that would disgrace a Hottentot. The following proclamation is now a standing advertisement in our *Daily Alton Democrat*:—

"NOTICE TO THE 'FREE NEGROES'!—I hereby give public notice to all free Negroes, who have arrived here from a foreign State within the past two months, or may hereafter come into the city of Alton with the intention of being residents thereof, that they are allowed the space of thirty days to remove, and, upon failure to leave the city, will, after that period, be proceeded against by the undersigned, as by law directed. The penalty is a heavy fine, to liquidate which, the law officer is compelled to offer all free negroes arrested, at public auction, unless the fine and all costs of suit are promptly paid. I hope the city authorities will be spared the *necessity* of putting the above law *in execution*. All railroad companies and steamboats are also forbidden to land free negroes within the city, under the penalty of the law. No *additional* notice will be given. Suits will POSITIVELY be instituted against all offenders.

JAMES W. DAVIS,
May 27. *Prosecuting Attorney Alton City Court.*"

This Mr. Davis is the Alton Democratic City Attorney. He is the man, who, in a speech at Saint Louis, last winter, informed the Missourians, that any attempt to put down rebellion by the North would be resisted by one hundred and seventy thousand Democrats in Illinois, who stood ready to fight for the South. Finding his prophecy not likely to be fulfilled, he has discovered a new method of showing his sympathy with the slaveholders. His motto seems to be, "Down with the negro!"

His last exhibition is contained in a reply in the *Alton Democrat* to a caustic article that appeared a few days ago in the *Alton Telegraph*, the Republican paper of this city. To the honor of the *Telegraph*, it may be said that such an advertisement as the foregoing would not be inserted at any price, its editor being a high-toned Christian man—a native, too, of North Carolina. As the official paper of the city, the *Democrat* was obliged, by contract, to publish it as an official document.

The *Telegraph* had characterized Mr. Davis's proclamation against the free colored people as it deserved, and in industry, morality and good behavior, represented them as comparing favorably with the Prosecuting Attorney himself. The next *Democrat* contained a card from Mr. Davis, in which he thus exhibits his morality and Christianity. Alluding to the *Telegraph*, he says:—

"The article appears 'editorially.' I much *doubt* whether it is the creature of a 'sapient editor's' diseased imagination, or whether it may not have been extracted from the cranium of some *hair-brained* pupil of 'the *John Brown*' order. *Possibly*, it might be some of the celebrated *New England clergy*, who 'steal the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in'—whose acuteness of intellect and perfection in *logic* enables them to prove from 'Holy Writ' that the efforts of John Brown are *Christian*, and to establish the additional fact that 'negro-stealing' is a *cardinal* virtue. I care *not who* may be the author, whether he wears 'the editorial or clerical robe,' if he desires some *black* notoriety or patronage to sustain his paper or his purse, I sincerely hope he may be gratified. I desire him to enjoy fully his *black* associations, which seem a matter of *choice*. However much I dislike *slavery* in its moral and political aspects, I heartily *despise* an Abolition press, and its editors, who associate themselves with those contemptible *sycophants* who, under the cloak of religion, advise *gross infractions* of all law. I *pity* one of these 'Gospel sharps' who can only read from a certain text-book, and would *enslave* his white equals, mentally and physically, in order to pander to his *Abolition* taste, and manifest his *pious regard* for his poor, deluded '*black brudder bones*.' My *political* complexion will not permit any *further* consumption of time on such graceless 'fanatics.' The powder may become valuable in arresting our rebellion, and hence, I do not desire to kill any worthless game.

I commend the author to the very kind consideration of his 'colored friends' from Missouri, residents of our city, all of whom will, doubtless, *revere* his sacred memory, when he 'shuffles off this mortal coil.' *Requiescat in pace.*

JAMES W. DAVIS, *City Attorney.*"

The terribly cutting remarks concerning the *New England Clergy* were designed for the benefit of your correspondent, whose labors and preaching are not agreeable to the notions of Christianity and liberty entertained by this public officer of the city of Alton. Although this man is able to command the zealous support of those who are like-minded with himself, it remains to be seen whether he can be reëlected to the office which he is now prostituting for the purpose of persecuting an inoffensive race of people, who are seeking among us a refuge from oppression.

J. G. F.

FROM AN OLD AND TRIED FRIEND.

GREENLAND, N. H., June 2, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER GARRISON:

I feel moved to write you a fraternal and sympathizing epistle, although it will, probably, cost you more to decipher it than it will be worth.

I will, in the first place, say something of myself, by way of explanation. In the early part of your Anti-Slavery labors, I had a great reverence for the ministers and religious papers, and I learnt from them that there was a madman by the name of Garrison, who was trying to set the country in a blaze, turn the slaves all loose to cut their masters' throats, and to amalgamate the races. The first thing that I found to correct my ideas was the Declaration of Sentiments at Philadelphia. It commended itself to my head, and was in unison with the feelings of my heart. I was an Abolitionist! The peace or non-resistance principle I elaborated out of the New Testament, and my own feelings as a Christian. But such was the outcry at your movement, in 1838, that I hardly dared to take the *Non-Resistant*. However, I did take it from the beginning. When the Sabbath question came up, I was terribly shocked; but, upon examination, I found that there was not a shadow of authority for the observance of the first day of the week as the Sabbath.

Do not suspect me of flattery; and yet permit me to say that our principles and feelings are so much in unison that I never hear you speak, or read your writings, without being morally elevated, and, for the time at least, being made a better man; and this sympathy of feeling is my apology for inflicting this letter on you.

I frequently read over the "dangers of the nation," in the Selections, and reflect upon the reasonableness of your appeal, the call upon the ministers, churches, &c., and upon what would have been the result of heeding it. If people, or the ministers and churches, had gone to work in a truly Christian spirit, emancipated their slaves and educated them, aided them in acquiring houses and lands, and in every way elevating them—the clergy teaching, and, so far as implicated, setting the right example, would have carried the church, and the church would have converted the nation—what peace and quietness and prosperity would have prevailed, instead of the present state of things! The slaves would have been grateful to their former masters: the masters would have had an inward consciousness that they had done right: the prosperity of their former slaves would have added greatly to their happiness: and they would have appreciated the truth, "Great peace have they that love thy law." But they have chosen a different course; have tried the fearful experiment of defying God, and disregarding the claims of eternal justice and right. With all their pretence of piety, they have practically adopted the language of the second Psalm, and now are reaping the result, being dashed like a potter's vessel. This is true of the religious bodies, the political parties, and of the nation; and I hope will be true of the cause of all the mischief—slavery.

I was at Portsmouth, last Sunday, and visited the barracks, and was led to various reflections. Can it be in accordance with Christianity to arm and discipline these young men to go down South to kill their fellow-men? Is it in accordance with the precept, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him"—to even blockade their ports? Is it in accordance with the sacredness of the Sabbath, (so called,) to drill these men, and have all the noise and confusion incident to the camp? But the question comes up, What would you do? It will not be deemed sufficient to say that, if our advice had been followed heretofore, this crisis would have been avoided. The American Peace Society seems to be in a quandary. They have always insisted upon a distinction between the use of force against a foreign foe and a domestic one. But this seems to very much resemble war, at least in its spirit and mode. With the war spirit pervading the component parts of the nation, its religion and its constitution of government, it certainly would not be practicable, if possible, to act out non-resistance under these circumstances. They must fight it out. Our sympathies must be with the party nearest right, however imperfect their motives and means, trusting that an overruling Providence will bring good out of all this evil.

When I reflect upon the enormous expense to the government direct, the derangement and suspension of business, the loss of life in camp and battle, the depreciation of morals attending the strife, it confirms my non-resistance as well as Anti-Slavery principles. O, let our minds be stayed on God, that we may have peace in this time of trouble!

I will close with an apology for troubling you, and by assuring you that you have my hearty sympathy in all your labors. BENJAMIN CHASE.

H. C. WRIGHT.

DEAR GARRISON,—This faithful and persevering advocate of the slave gave us two earnest and timely lectures, last Sabbath, at Lyceum Hall. Subject, in the morning, "The Issue—what is it?"—evening, "The Star-Spangled Banner." I think I may say that few, if any, Anti-Slavery discourses have ever been more attentively listened to, or elicited more interest on the part of the people.

It would be useless for me to intrude on your crowded columns, to notice the matter of "truth and soberness" which characterized these lectures of brother Wright. The facts adduced, though patent to every reader, were aptly stated, and his comments such as the hour demanded.

I must say, I think we are mistaken in supposing our work for the slave's redemption is so bravely going on, that we can be justified in suspending labor. I am aware that, in this hour of terrible conflict, our enemies, even, are compelled to help the cause of freedom. Now, as ever, they can do "nothing against the truth, but for the truth." But we must not lay our weapons of warfare down. True, Dr. Tyng and other notable hunkers can afford to talk loud and strong—can even eulogize the old hero of Harper's Ferry, in the very temple from which Abolitionists have been rudely driven. This, however, is but an impulse—a wave making a higher mark. But this mark on the sea-shore will soon be washed out, and the bow which to-day shoots the arrow will relax.

I cannot place much reliance on such allies as are driven by mere impulse. Nor can I entertain the exhilarating hope that the end of this sad hour now upon us, is to work out universal freedom. I am looking for the manufacture of a fig-leaf apron to cover the nation's infernal wickedness—a compromise with men-stealers, and a determined effort to "crush out" free speech. All this mammon and cowardice demand. We must not, we cannot afford to rest from labor. Now is the time for work. Harmony Grove, at Framingham, must echo forth the words of uncompromising liberty on the Fourth of July. The fields are white for harvest; let the laborers come forth! G. W. S.

Milford, June 10, 1861.

EQUAL MILITIA RIGHTS.

The *Liberator* of May 24 contains a record of action by the Massachusetts Legislature then holding its extra session, with reference to expunging the word *white* from the militia law; and were your columns not so crowded, it would be well to submit in detail their continued action thereon to the close of the session.

Suffice it now to state, that several members did persevere unceasingly to set the matter right, but without success. The efforts in the House of E. L. Pierce and Samuel S. Drew, Esqs., of Dorchester, O. W. Albee, Esq., of Marlboro', and William F. Durfee, Esq., of New Bedford, were specially praiseworthy, as were also those of Charles W. Slack, Esq., of Boston, who exhibited the veritable flag presented by Gov. Hancock to a colored military company for their services in the revolutionary war.

The matter was also resumed in the Senate by Hon. N. H. Whiting, with his usual ability and earnestness. The decision was equivalent to telling the petitioners to go their way at this time, and *perhaps*, when we have a more convenient season, we will attend to you. We shall see. W. C. N.

Boston, June 11, 1861.

THE LAST HOURS OF JUDGE DOUGLAS.

At about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, Bishop Dugan called, at the request of friends, to converse with Mr. Douglas, who was then, for the first time, perfectly rational. Mr. Douglas immediately recognized the Bishop, and expressed his gratification at the visit. Bishop Dugan soon asked:

"Mr. Douglas, have you been baptized according to the rites of any church?" Mr. Douglas replied: "Never."

The Bishop continued—"Do you desire to have mass said after the ordinances of the Holy Catholic Church?" The answer was:

"No, sir; when I do, I will communicate with you freely."

The Bishop then turned to Mr. Rhodes, and said: "Do you think he is fully possessed of his mental faculties?" Mr. Rhodes replied, "I do not know—perhaps you had better ask him again." The Bishop repeated his question, to which Mr. Douglas answered, in strong, full voice:

"You perhaps did not understand me. When I desire it, I will communicate with you freely."

The Bishop then remarked to Mr. Rhodes, "He is undoubtedly in his right mind, and does not desire my offices." He then withdrew.

During the day (Sunday) Mr. Douglas seemed to be much better, and strong hopes were entertained of his recovery; he slept most of the day, and in the evening seemed much refreshed. Mrs. Douglas and Mr. Rhodes remained with him during the night. At about four o'clock on Monday morning, he seemed to be much worse, and sank rapidly; his friends were sent for, and at the request of Mrs. Douglas, Bishop Dugan again visited him. Soon after the Bishop entered, he approached the bedside, and addressing the patient, said:

"Mr. Douglas, you know your own condition fully, and in view of your approaching dissolution, do you desire the ceremony of extreme unction to be performed?"

Mr. Douglas replied:

"No, I have no time to discuss these things now."

The Bishop then withdrew. After he had gone, Mrs. Douglas requested Mr. Rhodes to ask her husband if he desired the ministrations of any other clergyman. Mr. Rhodes then said to Mr. Douglas:

"Do you know the clergymen of this city?" To which Mr. Douglas replied:

"Nearly every one of them."

Mr. Rhodes. "Do you wish to have either or any of them call to see you to converse upon religious subjects?"

Mr. Douglas. "No, I thank you."

Soon after this, about five o'clock, he desired to have his position in bed changed, the blinds opened, and the windows raised. Mr. Rhodes lifted him to an easier posture, where he could look out upon the street, and drink in the fresh morning air. For a few moments he seemed to gain new life. Then he began to sink away; his eyes partially closed, and in slow and measured cadence, with considerable pause between each accent, he uttered:—

"Death!—Death!!—Death!!!"

After this, he seemed to revive slightly, and Mr. Rhodes asked him whether he had any message to send to his mother, or sister Sarah, or his boys, "Robby" and "Stevie," to which he made no reply, evidently not understanding the question. Mrs. Douglas then placed her arms around his neck, and said:

"My dear, do you not know 'cousin Dan'?"

"Yes," he replied.

Mrs. Douglas continued:

"Your boys, Robby and Stevie, and your mother and sister Sarah—have you any message for them?"

The dying man replied:

"Tell them to obey the laws, and support the Constitution of the United States."

At about five o'clock, Dr. Miller came into the room, and, noticing the open shutters and windows, inquired:

"Why have you all these windows raised, and so much light?"

Mr. Douglas replied:

"So that we can have fresh air."

At Mr. Douglas's request, Mr. Rhodes changed the dying man's position again in the bed for the last time. He now lay rather down in the middle of the bed, upon his left side, his head slightly bent forward and off the pillow. His wife sat beside him, holding his right hand in both of hers, and leaning tenderly over him, sobbing. Mr. Rhodes remarked to Mrs. Douglas:

"I am afraid he does not lie comfortable;" in reply to which Mr. Douglas said:

"He is—very comfortable."

These were his last intelligible words. From five o'clock he was speechless, but evidently retained his consciousness. When, a few moments before his death, his wife leaned lovingly over him, and sobbingly asked, "Husband, do you know me? will you kiss me?" he raised his eyes and smiled, and though too weak to speak, the movements of the muscles of his mouth evinced that he was making an almost dying struggle to comply with her request.

His death was calm and peaceful; a few faint breaths after nine o'clock; a slight rattling of his throat; a short, quick, convulsive shudder, and Stephen A. Douglas had passed from time into eternity.—*Chicago cor. Herald.*

ARRESTS IN NEW ORLEANS. The secessionists are very active in seizing men who are suspected of sympathy with the North. Last week, they arrested an old man named Samuel Murdock, the Bible distributor of the Southern Aid Society; but he was let off with a reprimand.

A man named Gihon, keeper of the Verandah Hotel, was also hauled up, but, as it was a clear case of malice, he too was let off.

Another instance was that of a superannuated old man, who was a private tutor in a family. Some scamps had seen him teaching a child of a very wealthy free colored man, and made signs that they would like to cut his throat. He went to the Mayor for advice, when that high functionary told him he had done nothing wrong, but it was dangerous to be seen talking with negroes. The old man dismissed his pupil.

On the 9th, the cars brought from Houma a man named Fogay, who had been invited to leave for tampering with slaves. The belief in his treachery was so genuine, that before putting him on the cars, the committee gave him a hint not to return to their parts. The hint consisted of one hundred lashes, well laid on. The Second District Police took him in charge for transhipment to the North.

On the same day several gentlemen, just arrived from Galveston, called upon the Mayor to notify him that when they left, the people of Galveston were debating whether they should ship off or hang an Abolitionist named W. F. Clemson, an elderly man, engaged as a book-keeper in that city. They said that if Clemson was not hung, he would certainly arrive by the next steamer, and so they notified the Mayor to have officers in readiness to receive the gentleman, should he be so fortunate as to be shipped for the North.

On the 8th, the Chief of Police received a telegram from the Grand Junction Mississippi Central Railroad, signed by four respectable, well-known gentlemen, stating that a man named G. W. Bradley, an Ohio railroad agent, had gone to New Orleans, and that he was a delegated spy of the Lincoln Federal Government. The Chief, on receipt of this, accompanied by his special officer, Dick Howard, went in search of Bradley, and found he was putting up at the St. Charles Hotel. Here they waited for Bradley several hours, but failed to arrest him until about 12½ o'clock in the morning, when Lieut. Tom Boylan spotted the spy, and arrested him, and lodged him in the First District lock-up. Next day it turned out that the man was perfectly innocent, and he was discharged.

CANONIZING A MURDERER. We discover the following curious statements in the New Orleans *Delta:*

"We learn that the subscription for the family of Jackson, the slayer of Ellsworth, proceeds very briskly. One gentleman yesterday collected $150 from a few friends. Those liberal and generous gentlemen, Morse & Moore, of the City Hotel, have opened lists at their hotels, the City and St. James Hotel. It is hoped that all who can spare a dime or a dollar will contribute to this noble object.

"We heard yesterday that a wealthy and liberal merchant of this city, who left for Virginia in the same train with the Washington Artillery, stated that one of his objects was to take charge of the family of Jackson, and see that they were comfortably provided for; and in case they consented, to bring them to Louisiana, and secure them in comfort for the rest of their lives."

☞ Jackson, the murderer of Ellsworth, had evidently "outlived his usefulness," and should have lost his life or ever he found it! He it was, who, after the John Brown fight at Harper's Ferry, swam into the river to a rock upon which the dead body of one of Brown's men had lodged in floating down the stream, and, with his jack-knife, with diabolical coolness, cut off one of the ears of the dead man, and putting it into his pocket, returned to shore. He had the ear put into alcohol in a glass bottle, and kept it upon exhibition upon the bar of his tavern at Fairfax. By this outrageous barbarity, he so aroused the people of that place that they drove him from town, when he went to Alexandria. Such was the wretch who assassinated the gallant Ellsworth.

A BATTLE AT GREAT BETHEL.

Federal Regiments firing on each other by mistake—Unsuccessful attack on a rebel battery—U. S. forces retreat, having had 25 killed and 100 wounded.

FORTRESS MONROE, June 10th. This has been an exciting and sorrowful day at Old Point Comfort. Gen. Butler having learned that the rebels were forming an entrenched camp, with strong batteries, at Great Bethel, nine miles from Hampton, on the Yorktown road, deemed it necessary to dislodge them. Accordingly, movements were made last night from Fortress Monroe and Newport News.

About midnight, Col. Duryea's Zouaves and Col. Townsend's Albany Regiment crossed the river at Hampton by means of six large batteaux, manned by the Naval Brigade, and took up the line of march, the former some two miles in advance of the latter.

At the same time, Col. Bendix's regiment, and a detachment of the Vermont and Massachusetts regiments at Newport News, moved forward to form a junction with the regiments from Fort Monroe at Little Bethel, about half way between Hampton and Great Bethel.

The Zouaves passed Little Bethel at about 4 o'clock. Bendix's regiment arrived next, and took position at the intersection of the roads; but not understanding the signal, the German regiment, in the darkness of the morning, fired upon Col. Townsend's column, then marching in close order, and led by Lieut. Butler, the nephew and Aid of Gen. Butler, with two pieces of artillery.

Other accounts say Col. Townsend's regiment fired first. At all events, the fire of the Albany regiment was harmless, while that of the Germans was fatal, killing one man and fatally wounding two others, besides several other slight casualties.

At daybreak, Col. Allen's and Col. Carr's regiments moved from the rear of Fortress Monroe to support of the main body, the mistake at Little Bethel having been ascertained.

The buildings at Little Bethel were burned, and a Major and two prominent secessionists named Sivery and Whiting were made prisoners.

The troops then advanced upon Great Bethel in the following order: "Duryea's Zouaves, Col. Bendix's regiment, Lieut. Col. Washburn's, Col. Allen's and Col. Carr's regiments.

At that point, our regiments formed successively, and endeavored to take a large masked rebel battery.

The effort was futile, our three small pieces of artillery not being able to cope with the heavy rifle cannon of the enemy, being, according to some accounts, thirty in number.

A well concerted move might have secured the position, but Brigadier General Pierce, who commanded the expedition, appears to have lost his presence of mind, and the Troy regiment stood an hour exposed to the galling fire.

The order to retreat was at last given, but at that moment, Lieut. Grebble of the regulars, in command of the artillery, was struck by a cannon ball, and instantly killed. He had spiked his gun, and was gallantly endeavoring to withdraw his command.

Capt. Geo. W. Wilson, of the Troy regiment, after the order to retreat, took possession of the gun, and, with Quartermaster McArthur, brought it off the field with the corpse of the lieutenant, which was brought to the Fortress this evening. There were probably 25 killed and 100 wounded.

Lieut. Butler deserves the greatest credit for bringing off the killed and wounded. Several of the latter are now in hospital here.

Great indignation is manifested against Brigadier General Pierce.

General Butler has been ubiquitous, doing all in his power to save our men and the honor of our cause.

LATER.—The number of Zouaves killed was 5, wounded 20, missing 7. They attribute their heavy loss to their bright uniforms, while the regulars attribute it to their superior bravery and daring.

The whole number of killed and wounded, as ascertained at the Fortress Tuesday evening, was 19 killed, 47 wounded, and 5 missing.

The rumored loss of Major Winthrop is unfounded. Several of the killed were inhumanly slaughtered while carrying off the wounded, which causes a bitter feeling among the troops.

The three batteries of the rebels played at the same time upon the right, left, and centre.

It is believed that over two hundred of the enemy were killed and wounded. The Zouaves and Massachusetts boys fought with great impetuosity.

HOW THE SLAVES LOVE THEIR MASTERS. Upwards of 150 slaves have sought protection at Fortress Monroe, and been set at work by Gen. Butler. One man, a Mr. Jones, had twenty slaves, all but one of whom left him, and sought refuge in the fort. This last chattel appeared devoted affectionately to ole massa, and declared he loved him. "I'll nebber leab yer, massa—nebber!" swore this chattel, a very promising sable; "I'll stick to my ole massa 'longs I lib!" and man and master left together for the interior. Next morning, when massa rose to proceed on his journey, his devoted property had decamped for the North, taking with him massa's horse, and *neither Cuffee nor horse have since been heard from.*

☞ Judge Russell, who went to Fortress Monroe, in the Cambridge, has returned home. He states that there were over two hundred negro fugitives at the fortress, some of them coming twenty miles. Whole families came together, bringing all their worldly possessions with them. They work cheerfully and hopefully. One old negro said—"This is the day we all been praying for, but, bress de Lord, didn't spect it come so quick."

WASHINGTON, June 8th. Fugitive slaves from Virginia continue to rush into Fortress Monroe. Twenty-six arrived there on Friday.

STAMPEDE OF SLAVES. A Harrisburg (Pa.) letter states that over one hundred fugitives from labor, from the neighborhood of Winchester, Va., arrived there on Wednesday and Thursday nights. They say that no attempt is made to arrest runaway slaves—and the mountains of Virginia are full. The last arrival were in a wretched plight, having been on the road ten days. They were supplied with provisions, and sent on their way rejoicing to the promised land—Canada.

☞ It is evident that the Rebels mean to make a very cruel and inhuman defence in this struggle. They will not be satisfied with ordinary warfare, but invoke the aid of Indians, pirates, and sharp-shooters. But one resource remains with us; we must meet them in their own style. We must invoke the aid of their oppressed slaves, and wherever our army goes fling out the banner of freedom in the sight of the negroes. This is evidently the purpose of our government. The dispatch of the Secretary of War to Gen. Butler, and his speech to the Seventh Regiment, show what the course of the War Department will be. No slaves will be returned to rebel masters, nor will they *ever* be returned to the condition of slavery, be the result of this contest what it may.—*Washington corr. of N. Y. Independent.*

☞ James Redpath, the Haytian Agent of Emigration, offers to take charge of the negroes who may be confiscated as contraband of war, and send them to Hayti, where they can have a free farm.

☞ The President has ordered Gen. Butler to receive no more slaves as contraband of war.

☞ GRAND ANTI-SLAVERY PIC-NIC IN ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The friends of freedom in Western New York are invited to join the Abolitionists of Rochester and vicinity in celebrating the eighty-fifth anniversary of American Independence, on the fourth of July next.

Able and eloquent speakers will be in attendance;—also, music appropriate to the occasion.

The meeting will be held in GREGORY'S GROVE, one mile from the Arcade, at the head of South Avenue.

Carriages will be in waiting at the Depots, on the arrival of all the trains between 9 and 11 o'clock, A. M. The speaking will commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 3, P. M.

☞ Let there be a large gathering—all remembering to bring with them "*their basket and their store,*" that the occasion may be made eminently social as well as instructive.

IMPROVEMENT IN
Champooing and Hair Dyeing,
"WITHOUT SMUTTING."

MADAME CARTEAUX BANNISTER

WOULD inform the public that she has removed from 223 Washington Street, to

No. 31 WINTER STREET,

where she will attend to all diseases of the Hair.

She is sure to cure in nine cases out of ten, as she has for many years made the hair her study, and is sure there are none to excel her in producing a new growth of hair.

Her Restorative differs from that of any one else, being made from the roots and herbs of the forest.

She Champoos with a bark which does not grow in this country, and which is highly beneficial to the hair before using the Restorative, and will prevent the hair from turning grey.

She also has another for restoring grey hair to its natural color in nearly all cases. She is not afraid to speak of her Restoratives in any part of the world, as they are used in every city in the country. They are also packed for her customers to take to Europe with them, enough to last two or three years, as they often say they can get nothing abroad like them.

Call and see some of the best references in the country. No charge for information.

MADAME CARTEAUX BANNISTER,
No. 31 Winter Street, Boston.
June 14. tf

DIED—In Columbia, Ark., by the explosion of the steamer Kentucky, Mr. JOHN BOYER SMITH, a grandson of the late Rev. Thomas Paul of Boston, and formerly of this city, aged 24 years.

In Auburn, N. Y., June 5, after a protracted and painful illness, PHEBE R. THAYER, aged 32.

Of rare mental power and amiable characteristics, she endeared herself to family and friends, whose tears still flow because of their bereavement; but not for her need they mourn—their faith assures them that

"Up with the skylark's lay,
Her soul has winged its way
To the supernal source of life and light." W.

New Dress Goods
—AT—
HEBBARD'S,
365 Washington Street.

Figured Irish Poplins,	62 cts.	cost 87 cts.
French checked do.	50 cts.	" 62 cts.
French striped and figured do.	50 cts.	" 62 cts.
Double with Mozambiques,	37 & 50 cts.	62 & 75 cts.
Double width Grey Goods,	25 cts.	cost 50 cts.
Single width Grey Goods,	8 & 10 cts.	" 9&12 cts.
Best American Prints,	62 cts.	" 82 cts.
Berages, silk and wool,	17 cts.	" 32 cts.
Organdie Muslins, price,	13 cts.	former 27 cts.
Common Muslins,	8 cts.	cost 12 cts.
Double width Challie,	25 cts.	" 35 cts.

Boston, June 7.

Look at the Prices!
—AT—
HEBBARD'S,
365 Washington Street.

Black French Lace Mantillas,	$4 cost $8
Black Silk Mantillas,	6 " 10
Black Silk Basquenes,	12 " 16
Cloth Garments,	5 " 8
Heavy Plaid Silks, for Mantillas,	1 " 1.50
Heavy Plaid Silks,	60 cts. " 90 cts.
Rich Chene Silks,	75 cts. " $1.00
Plain Silks at like discount.	

Boston, June 7.

Marking Down
—AT—
HEBBARD'S,
365 Washington Street.

Look at PRICES!

Mourning Pine Apple sets,	$2.50 cost 3.00
Valanciene Medallion sets,	3.50 " 5.00
Cambric and Muslin sets,	1.00 " 2.50
Collars,	25, 37, 1.50 cost 50, 62, 1.75
Linen sets, 20 cts.—Collars 6ts.	

Boston, June 7.

THE PINE AND PALM.

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Poetry.

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

BY GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND.

We were informed that two members of the National Guards were married, just before being ordered to march, in the area adjacent to the fountain in the centre of the camp at Franklin Square. A squad of soldiers marked the ceremony, and a corps of drummers and fifers, that were at hand, struck up a certain goodly tune.—*Reporter of Press, May* 15.

I find it hard to credit the experience I have known;
To be married in the twilight—in the darkness be alone;
To sit beside my window, when the clouds blot out the arch,
And think how long my heart must wait while he is on the march.

We were wedded at the Fountain, beneath the open sky,
And, grouped amid the maple boughs, the regiment stood by;
Their bayonets flashed brightly beneath a soft, pale moon,
And a file of handsome drummer lads struck up a pleasant tune.

He took my moist, hot hand in his, as he had done before;
And the parson's talk was low and sweet, like some dear voice of yore;
I seemed to be a girl again—the wedding was a spell—
And hardly knew what words were said—'twas like a funeral!

How like a mockery it seemed—the formulary part!
They asked me would I love him—I looked into my heart!
Would I obey? Had he not gone at the summons stern and grim?
And honor? Was there woman who could not honor him?

Some loud cheers broke the stillness; it was our wedding peal;
I was folded to his belted blouse, the marriage rite to seal.
A score pressed up to shake his hand, and cheer the soldier's wife—
Their studied compliments were drowned; I heard the drum and fife.

He wrung my hand, and whispered—he kissed me once again;
A harsh, hard voice ran down the ranks, of "Fall in! fall in, men!"
I buckled on his knapsack—its weight was like a rock,
And as I gave his musket, some tears ran down the stock.

He said, "Good bye, Maria!" My throat was hard and dry;
He said that I should write to him—I could not make reply;
But when he stood amid the lines, I felt my pulses leaping:
Why should a soldier's wife be dumb, and shame his flag by weeping?

The band struck up a glorious air: my thoughts were sad and bitter;
And tramping down the leafy aisles, I saw the bayonets glitter;
He might have turned his head again, but I was blind with sobbing;
The fountain tinkled on the night—I heard the music throbbing.

They vanished in the dusky light: how wild the streets with rattle!
'Tis well for those to wave their hats who send no loves to battle;
I think, when all the war is done, and still the nation free,
If, in the scattered regiment, he shall come back to me!

If still the sandy locks shall nod above his eye so blue,
If still his step shall be as proud, his love as frank and true!
Perhaps, amid the battered few that tramp behind the drum,
One day unto my father's door a crippled man shall come!

Perhaps, amid my tears, some morn the tidings I may spell,
Amid victorious returns, of one who fought and fell;
Who lay amid the mangled heaps, where blood ran like a lea,
And pressed his hand upon his heart, and, dying, spoke of me.

Then, women who have husbands will tell of glorious wars,
And honor him who bravely fell beneath the Stripes and Stars;
And I shall hug my widow's weeds while life shall ebb apace,
And mark upon no child of mine the hue of his dear face.

But all my dreams still hear the drums that beat our wedding peal,
The tinkle of the falling spray, the clink of sabre steel,
The music of his sad farewell, the kiss before he went,
The flutter of the silken flag above the regiment!

No coward mark rests on him; his duty called him forth!
The eagle led him Southward from his eyrie in the North!
He threw his body in the breach: the flag went on before;
And his wife shall love him better that he loved his country more!

VOLUNTEERED.

BY MRS. J. R. BEECH.

I know the sun shines and the lilacs are blowing,
And Summer sends kisses by beautiful May;
Oh! to see all the treasures the Spring is bestowing,
And think—my boy Willie enlisted to-day!

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming,
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,
While Robby, the four-year old, watched for the coming
Of father, adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed,
To come back no more in the twilight or dawn;
And Robby grew weary of watching, and started
Alone, on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year—and this afternoon, sitting
At Robby's old window, I heard the band play,
And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting,
To recollect Willie is twenty to-day;

And that, standing beside him this soft May-day morning,
The sun making gold of his wreathed cigar-smoke,
I saw in his sweet eyes and lips a faint warning,
And choked down the tears when he eagerly spoke:

"Dear mother, you know how those traitors are crowing;
They trample the folds of our flag in the dust;
The boys are all fire; and they wish I were going—"
He stopped, but his eyes said, "O say if I must!"

I smiled on the boy, though my heart it seemed breaking;
My eyes filled with tears, so I turned them away,
And answered him, "Willie, 'tis well you are waking—
Go, act as your father would bid you to-day!"

I sit in the window, and see the flags flying,
And dreamingly list to the roll of the drum,
And smother the pain in my heart that is lying,
And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

I shall sit in the window when Summer is lying
Out over the fields, and the honey-bees' hum
Lulls the rose at the porch from her tremulous sighing,
And watch for the face of my darling to come.

And if he should fall.... his young life he has given
For Freedom's sweet sake.... and for me, I will pray
Once more with my Harry and Robby in heaven
To meet the dear boy that enlisted to-day.

Albion, N. Y.

LET US ALONE.

"Let us alone!" the unclean spirits cried—
"Why com'st thou to torment us ere the time?"
"Let us alone!" still adding crime to crime,
Shrieks the arch traitor and liberticide,
Who, drunk with hate, his country hath defied,
And, with confederate thieves, would drag her down
From the high places of her old renown,
And, with her ruin, sate his devilish pride.
No, Rebel, no!—while knaves are held in scorn,
And plotters of sedition are abhorred;
While good men shudder at the wretch forsworn,
Whose perjuries mock the vengeance of the Lord;
While Justice lives, and God maintains his throne,
The devils are "*cast out*"—not "*let alone.*"

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

The Liberator.

THE WAR AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.

A SERMON BY REV. WILLIAM H. FISH,

Delivered at Cortland, N. Y.

"Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty every one to his neighbor, and every man to his brother; behold! I proclaim liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine."—JER. 34: 17.

The war upon which our nation has entered, whatever its final results may be, must, of necessity, be a great and terrible calamity to the whole country—at least, in many of its immediate results;—and no humane persons can think of its probable ravages without horror. During the prosecution and at the close of the conflict of arms, many a one, I doubt not, will feel like taking to himself the words of the prophet, exclaiming, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain" of both North and South! The hearts of many are already failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that are coming upon the earth; and the dark and heavy cloud that has risen in the South must yet gather volume and force enough to scatter such woes all over the land as no words can adequately describe. War seems now an unavoidable and necessary evil, like the thunder-storm in an impure atmosphere; but it is, nevertheless, an evil of huge and fearful magnitude.

But what is the *cause* of this war? Some are ready to say, at once, it is *the Abolitionists*; and many are the curses they visit upon the guilty agitators. Were it not for the decline of the pro-slavery spirit—at least the pro-Southern spirit—that has lately taken place, Abolitionists might, indeed, be in peril even of their lives. But whilst some charge the Abolitionists with being the cause of the war, others, with equal confidence, affirm that the "Black Republicans" are the offenders; and others still, that the crime is to be attributed to the Democrats! And who shall decide the question?

All parties, both North and South, have unquestionably done much to hasten the great catastrophe—some by their *vices*, and some by their *virtues*. This might be clearly shown, were it the fitting time; and that each party has been the conscious or unconscious instrument in the hand of Providence to compass the end—some, however, being criminal, and some meritorious. No party, it is certain, can monopolize the whole glory, or justly have the whole shame imputed to it; and when we look at the matter closely and philosophically, and especially with clear moral and spiritual vision, we may be able to see that SLAVERY is the primary cause of it—slavery, and the political demagogueism and despotism that slavery has naturally generated.

I am confident that I have been right in the views I have generally preached to you respecting the "irrepressible conflict" between liberty and slavery which is now likely to culminate in much violence and bloodshed. My method of taking the destructive elements out of the dark cloud that has so long overshadowed our land, has been peaceful abolition by a general return to obedience to the law of God; and, of course, had that been adopted, there could have been no war. Our prosperity would have been abounding and universal, and our peace as the river. Democrats and Republicans may say that method was wholly Utopian; and be as confident that *they* were right. Let it be so, then, for the time being; and let History settle the question in dispute. They who have loved liberty and hated despotism, whatever their party relations, have nothing to fear from an unbiased and discriminating posterity; and they should be content with an appeal to its judgment, and to the judgment of the just God.

It has been believed from the beginning, that if our government should ever split, it would be upon the rock of slavery; and that it would thus split has been prophesied from Thomas Jefferson to William Lloyd Garrison. It is, hence, that "stone of stumbling and rock of offence" that we should blame for our present troubles; and if any one of us have stood sympathizingly and protectively by it, the best atonement that we can now make is to labor to put it out of the way forever. It is a deadly cancer, preying continually upon our body politic; and there is no such thing as curing it but by killing it. It has always and every where been a scourge to humanity, and a foul blot upon the pages of History. Fortunate is it for our country and the world—especially for our children and our children's children—that the doom of the monster is now possibly sealed—that its back is at last broken, so that it can never again stand on its feet to take a single step Northward. The explosion had better come in our day than later.

Who can think of the hundreds of millions of money that slavery is to cost the North in this war, and the many valuable lives, with all the individual, domestic, social, commercial, and other evils that are to follow in its train, even for a century, without now hating it from foundation to top-stone! It is impossible for a clear-minded, humane man to do so; and the blood it is shedding will cry from the ground against it, till it be entirely overthrown. But what a shallow judgment it is that attributes this war to the opposers of slavery, rather than to slavery itself!

What have the Abolitionists done? They have said, slavery is a wrong to man and a sin against God; and they have preached this doctrine as the Gospel of Christ—the Word of God;—preached it earnestly, faithfully, and often with the true inspiration of Liberty and of Heaven. And who will say, here at the North, that slavery is *not* a wrong and a sin? Nearly all confess it—privately, at least. "I am as much opposed to slavery as any one" is the common stereotyped affirmation. And it can certainly be no just cause of censure and condemnation that some have taught what all have believed. If the teaching, whether by pulpit, platform or press, has been wrong, the sentiment itself is wrong, even silently cherished, and should be eradicated from the soul.

Lately, Abolitionists have also taught with a new emphasis, believing it as by revelation, that if slavery were not abolished by the whites, it would soon abolish itself—that it would, at last, bring on revolution and bloodshed, and turn the nation upside down. They have long seen the sparks which have now set the nation in a blaze, and cried *fire!* most earnestly and persistently, warning all of the danger. Few would believe them, and they were generally called fanatics and madmen; but now all see that they were true seers and teachers.

The primary cause of this war is found, as in a nutshell, in my text: "Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty, every one to his neighbor, and every man to his brother; behold! I proclaim liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine." Not, indeed, that I would interpret the words literally, but in the advancing scientific, philosophic, Christian spirit of that age. The prophet himself might have thought, and probably did, that God acted directly in such cases, and outside of any law or order established in the constitution of things; conceiving of him as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Israel. That was the habit of the times. The age of reason and reflection, of science and philosophy, had not even dawned then; and the people probably understood as little of the law of retribution as they did of the law of gravitation. They attributed almost every thing to the immediate agency and arbitrary control of the Almighty; and even inquired, "Shall there be *evil* in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

But, dismissing this anthropomorphic view of God—the view of him, that is, as a Man—"a Man of War"—there is, nevertheless, a true *idea* in my text. The form of speech is human, Jewish—the phraseology of the world's intellectual and educational childhood,—but, the idea is divine and inspired. It simply teaches, that, sooner or later, and according to the eternal providence of God, war, with its many woes, must necessarily follow oppression as cause and effect, as seed-time and harvest, as probation and retribution. Early prophets felt this, and declared it in such vernacular phrase as the uncultivated feeling inspired; but later prophets both feel it and see it. They see it in the history of nations, and likewise deduce it from the "irrepressible conflict" that ever goes on between Good and Evil; and announce it in their modern cultured speech. And it would now even be no presumption for any righteous man, seeing an overshadowing Wrong in his country, threatening its destruction, to lift up his voice against that Wrong *in the name of the Lord*. Every one who speaks sincerely and honestly against oppression, anywhere, has the Word of the Lord for his authority—the Word of the Lord that is nigh him, even in his heart and on his lips. To speak from the inspirations of Eternal Justice in the soul, is also to speak from the inspirations of the Most High. Hence, what height of folly is it to say that such men should keep silence in the midst of reigning abominations, lest their agitations bring discords and war—that, for peace's sake, the greatest of barbarisms should be left unrebuked! Such teachers do not bring war themselves—they only foretell it—see the evil afar off, and give the warning. When the war actually comes, it is God coming out in judgment through His everlasting, ever-acting, ever-revolutionizing moral laws. These laws, we may be sure, will always, sooner or later, break out in the volcanic fires of violence and bloodshed upon all oppressive nations that follow in the footsteps of Pharaoh and his hosts. "Behold! I proclaim liberty for you, saith the Lord."

But how generally has the world, from the beginning, arrayed itself in opposition to the prophets whom God has sent to denounce oppression, and to forewarn the people of impending retributions, rather than against the oppression itself! Many have done this ignorantly, and sometimes with good intentions, but many more wickedly. But, thank God, the curse of the civilized world, as well as the hosts of our own Northern States, is now coming down heavily upon slavery; and, instead of criminating and recriminating one another, all classes among us had better work co-operatively, each in its own way, to bring the Government out of the war as a pure Republic, whose flag shall henceforth wave over free soil and free men only! Abolitionists could not arouse the people from their selfish and inhuman slumberings, and now the great Despotism has done the work itself. For a long time, it has been doing it gradually, making aggression after aggression, and achieving victory after victory over the North, till it seemed as though our civilization must, ere long, go under. But, at last, as has often been predicted would be the case, the North, slow to move, has risen up in its wrath, and threatens, I think, to drive slavery out of a controlling influence in the Government, at least.

That the Abolitionists have done much to hasten this fearful crisis—rather, to prepare the North to meet it with a will, and bravely—is, of course, true. They have done this in the sense that even the Prince of Peace said, he "came not to send peace, but a sword." And so have all done much to the same end, who have promulgated the "inalienable rights" doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, or the doctrines of Liberal Christianity—particularly the Universal Paternity of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Man. In short, our whole advancing civilization, with its literature, religion, philanthropy, and politics, has been continually growing more and more anti-slavery, and thus dragging the South, if you will, towards this rebellion. But is our civilization to blame for this?—all the more enlightened and progressive classes to blame for having outgrown the slave plantation and the human auction-block, and for protesting against such barbarisms? And, in order to be innocent of the blood that is to flow, should they have kept silent about "the sum of all villanies," through fear of arousing its friends to wrath and vengeance? Alas! if they had done so! The day of retribution might have been delayed, but it would only have been delayed; and when it should come, at last, it would be sure to come in even a more terrific whirlwind and storm than now threatens us. "Be not deceived," says the apostle, "for God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; and this inevitable, unescapable law of retribution applies just as rigidly to nations as to individuals.

It would have been treason to God and humanity for the abolitionists to have smothered the spirit of freedom and philanthropy continually welling up within them, and to have *let slavery alone*—just as much as it would now be treason to the government for Mr. Lincoln to let the secession rebels alone. God raised them up for the very purpose of carrying forward both the African and Anglo-Saxon races in their providential destiny; and woe was them if they did not do their duty faithfully, following their highest light. They knew, and it is being fully demonstrated to-day, that slavery and liberty can never long live together peaceably in the same government, nor in the same country. It is attempting to unite Christ and Belial, God and Satan, to bring them into harmony; and when slavery resolves that it will not leave the abodes of civilization peacefully, but rule unrestrained wherever it wills, it will be sure, sooner or later, to be cast out in the whirlwind of a nation's wrath. Philosophic Jefferson saw our day in vision, and trembled for his country, as he considered that God is just; and that He has no attribute to take part with oppression against the oppressed.

Abolitionists, I repeat, have been God's prophets to this generation—not, indeed, perfect, unerring, infallible, but frequently quite the reverse. Sometimes they have undoubtedly been hasty, unwise, rash—speaking and writing unadvisedly, and to the detriment of their cause. That has been the case with nearly, if not quite all, the pioneer prophets and reformers of the ages. The Bible prophets were no exception. But consider what the ancient sage says: "Oppression makes a wise man mad"; mad with what the poets call "a divine frenzy," and that often makes even the most amiable speak as with cloven tongues and tongues of fire. "I have come to kindle a fire on the earth," said the great prophet and teacher of Nazareth, "and what will I, if it be already kindled?" So feels, at times, every prophet—"feels it in his bones," as we say. Such men hear the Voice of the Infinite One speaking to them in the deeps of their spirit, as they look abroad upon the wrong and oppressions of their land, and saying to them: "Cry aloud; spare not; show my people their sins and the nation its transgressions;" and they are constrained to speak, whether they will or not, or men bless or curse. Often when they resolve to keep silence, for peace sake, and for the sake, perhaps, of popular favor, they find themselves moved to the most fiery speech—as the great apostle on Mars Hill, seeing the city wholly given to idolatry.

These men see that there are mountains of ice all around them to be melted; but what can melt them but fire? "Is not my Word like a fire, saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"—and His Word it is that comes unto all who are appointed to be pioneers in the cause of Liberty and Progress. And how can they speak but as He speaks through them?—not in whispers, but "as the tempest, sterner and stronger." He who touched rude Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire, has also thus touched polished Wendell Phillips's lips—both to the same end.

> "God sends his teachers unto every age,
> To every clime, and every race of men,
> With revelations fitted to their growth,
> And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
> Into the selfish rule of one sole race."

The language they use is the language of their country and times—of their little or much culture—but their truths are of God. They love peace, but it is the peace which comes of justice, of freedom, of harmony with the Divine Law; not that which the compromising workers of iniquity enjoy, and which is sooner or later, as we now see, sure to be followed by a sudden and swift destruction.

Statesmen and politicians sometimes think they can put an end to Anti-Slavery agitation, by some sort of a compromise; but they can do that only when they can root the religious sentiment of liberty and humanity out of the heart of man, and dethrone the Almighty who inspires that sentiment. All have seen how impossible it has been for Boston mobs to put down Wendell Phillips, or to abate one jot or one tittle of his testimony against slavery and its supporters. The more they have opposed, the more strongly has he spoken, seeing more clearly the necessity. Popular odium, hatred, persecution, and even death, have no terror for such a man. God stands by him, and says: "I will be to you a buckler and a shield, and though the wicked rise against you, and kill the body, yet shall you live forever. Fear not." And he girds himself anew, day after day, for the threatening encounter, and says, I am determined to proclaim only this one thing in Boston—"Let the oppressed go free." And finally he triumphs. But Nehemiah Adams, commonly called "*South-side* Adams," quails at once before a mob, and, at its bidding, preaches the North-side view of slavery, which he had formerly derided. The reason of the difference between the two is, the one had been proclaiming error, and the other truth. True prophets can, indeed, sometimes be put out of the way by violence, as even the greatest of them all was—the prophet of Nazareth—but they cannot be made to keep silence, much less to eat their words, and forsake the cause which they believe God leads. The "irrepressible conflict" will be pushed forward, till it culminates in the proclamation of "liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

It looks now as though there is to be a North to the end, and permanently; and if it should come to pass that the star-spangled banner is henceforth to wave proudly over a nation of freemen, without a slave under its protecting ægis, ours will then be a country worthy of all that has been said or sung in its favor. It will be the light and glory of the whole earth. Possibly, this is not only a day of terrible retribution to slaveholders and their allies, but of redemption to the slaves—the modern passage through the Red Sea, or the great baptism of blood. I have my fears, but still hope predominates.

It is a great hour, and we are called upon to "quit ourselves like men"—like men loving liberty and hating despotism; and may the North now make such History as will be read with admiration and gratitude by coming generations! May God also grant that this new revolution may prove to be only a completion of the old one—that the Declaration of Independence may now get incorporated into the Constitution, and our highest ideal of a Republic ultimately become a reality all over this American continent! Finally, as I doubt not they will, may all States and nations come into harmony, good-will and peace, and rejoice together in a reverent and grateful recognition of the government of the Universal Parent as supreme over all!

PEACE AND WAR.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

DEAR SIR—Peace is a good thing. Many of your correspondents insist that it is the only policy; in fact, that there is no excuse whatever for war; that unresisting submission to oppression is the true way to disarm tyranny; that murder, robbery, rape, torture, burnings and drivings out, should test the integrity of the true peace man; that wrath, anger, and indignation are to have no point, and produce no fruits, and of course are of no use in nature.

Mr. Whittier is one of these unqualified peace men. During the infernal oppressions heaped upon the friends of freedom in Kansas, he wrote a beautiful poem, exhorting the settlers to stand firmly by their homes in the Territory, but not to resist by force the devilish wrongs and atrocities inflicted on them. The idea was excellent, if the crown of martyrdom was the object, but not at all to the purpose if a free State was to be founded, and

> "Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, foulest of the giant brood,
> Sons of brutal force and darkness, that have drenched the earth in blood,"

to be excluded from the heart of a continent. John Brown's argument was far more efficent, and accomplished the object, because it was the only one slavery could understand. How did slavery, in the person of Brooks, reply to the arguments of freedom in the person of Sumner? By force, my dear friends of the Peace Society—by force; and it was because it understood no other, and really thought, throughout the realms of New Ashantee, that because Sumner was struck down by a cudgel, his speech was answered; and they bragged and exulted accordingly.

Force is a law of nature. When the lion lies down with the lamb, his nature will be so changed that he will have no disposition to eat his bed-fellow. Persuasion, reason, argument, are for intellectual men and women: coercion for intellectual babes and sucklings. The kings and potentates of New Ashantee understand the matter perfectly. They coolly make constitutions, tariffs, ordinances, war, and what not, at their own discretion, and the intellectual infants for whom they do so much cannot help themselves. Witness the milk administered by such dry nurses as Stephens, Bell, Davis, Pickens, Wise, and their blind clerical associates. Could our politicians so lead, so drive us? Wendell Phillips thought that argument and the ballot-box would have decided the dispute between freedom and slavery, because we had come down to the nineteenth century. Slavery is as little amenable to argument in the nineteenth century as at any former period. It is a condition natural to a certain stage of human development. To the lowest barbarism it is as unnatural as to the highest civilization. Civilization is so high that the chattel slavery of its laboring class would not, in some generations, reduce it to the barbarism natural to slavery. Argument, reasoning, gentleness, forbearance, is nothing but cowardice to the barbarian. Civilized people who are thrown into contact with them have the choice to cower them or be cowered themselves. Civilization must go down, or barbarism must be beaten in the field of battle. Wars are the result of slavery, rather than slavery the result of war. Our own ancestors passed over the waters of slavery by the bridge of war. The Crimean war hastened Russian emancipation by half a century. War broke up the slave system of ancient Rome, as it has the spirit and despotism of modern Rome. Wars overthrew the feudal slavery of Europe. War and force obtained Magna Charta. From the soil of stricken fields grew the British Constitution, and Lexington gave birth to the Declaration of Independence. We are now fighting to put that Declaration in practice. When nations become intelligent enough to govern themselves, wars will cease. "Our Southern brethren" have not been self-governing for twenty years, at least. The petty tyrants of the slave States in our national councils have been as little amenable to reason and common sense as the Digger Indians. They have at last summoned us to the Court of War. We are compelled to accept the call, or submit to a decision making us slaves ourselves. This is no civil war. The nations composing this republic are more distinctly two than France and England. When this war ceases, the principles of the Declaration of Independence will have been affirmed, and a true Union established. God's ordinance of war is as necessary to human development as his other ordinances of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are to the development of the earth.

Yours, J. B. LYON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

THE WAY THEY "SOGER" AT THE SOUTH.—A gentleman, who travelled with Col. Maxey Gregg's South Carolina Regiment a part of the way from Richmond to Manassas Junction, says that they were accompanied by two hundred negroes, who carried their masters' arms, knapsacks, and in many cases an extra hat. The guns were strapped on to the backs of the negroes. A peculiar feature was a full negro band, which played Dixie elegantly. How perfectly characteristic! Is there a particle of real manhood in such?

SLAVERY IN MARYLAND.

Letter from Rev. Gilbert Haven, of Cambridge, Mass.

CAMP ESSEX, ELK RIDGE, (Md.) May 29, 1861.

The first person that I ever saw in slavery was at Annapolis. She was a pleasant, modest girl of ten or twelve summers. Her name was Mary. I thought how appropriate that the name of the mother of my Lord should be given to this poor, despised girl, whom somebody pretended to own; whom they could sell in the market-place, and subject to all unutterable horrors that overhang the future of these innocent maidens. Had slavery existed in Judea, the mother of Christ would have been a *slave*. For he must stand at the bottom of humanity that he might embrace it. In fact, he is asserted to have occupied this place. If the pro-slavery divines are right, in pressing out of measure the word "servant" in the letters of Paul, and if *doulos* refers in all cases to slaves, then Christ was a slave; for Paul says, "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a slave." I trust the poor slaves find comfort in that text when they are drenched through and through with the droolings of godless preachers as to the duties of servants.

I suppose if I had visited Havana, I should have heard my black brother called Jesus. I wish these sinners would give their servants this name. He who took their place would be glad to comfort them with his human title. The nearest we can come to it is Mary, and so I am glad they have the sense of kinship with Him which that name confers. But yesterday I dined with a slaveholder, a member of our church, who owned his cook—and a fine cook she was too, judging from the dinner—who was also blessed with this sacred name. Some of my anxious brethren may think I am backsliding, by going to eat with a man who is a sinner. I trust he will be made more of a Christian by the interview. I found him willing to abandon his sin, and do not doubt, if the servants of Jesus who eat regularly at his table would but emulate their Master's faithfulness, he would soon change—become a perfect, that is, an abolition, Christian.

I have found no difficulty, thus far, in talking with the utmost freedom in every circle to which I have been admitted. The name of John Brown, which so many good men of New England have not yet reverenced as they will, has been often on my lips, and the cause in which he is yet to be copied by his nation, and for which he laid down his life, finds respectful hearers in the midst of this people that have sat so long in darkness. But the other night, after a pleasant prayer meeting in the village church, I stood at the cross roads with quite a number of the brethren, and we discoursed on this subject and on this hero. They knew him here. They said he travelled through this section quite extensively the summer before his death. One of the brethren, a blacksmith, said his horse was shoed at his shop. He called himself a Baptist preacher, and had trusses for sale. As hernia, I have been told, is a very common disease with the slaves, this business gave him fine opportunities for making their acquaintance. He spoke freely against slavery, and was very ready with the Scripture in his discussions with the people. These last characteristics were marks of the man, no less than the former, by which he sought to relieve them in their physical weakness, and, at the same time, to fill their ears with the glad tidings that the Year of Jubilee had come. He died without the sight, yet he saw it by faith, and was glad.

In many conversations with whites and blacks, I have found great differences of opinion, especially on the question whether the slave wished for and was fitted for freedom. The whites as a body ignore the blacks altogether. As a good brother from Virginia told me in Washington, he could not look upon them as of the same order of beings with himself. He was perfectly honest, and, I am afraid, spoke frankly what yet abides powerfully in many breasts in New England. When I told him, to me they seemed precisely like my own brother and sister, he gazed upon me with courteous but blank amazement. Is n't there many a reader of the *Herald* and member of Christ's church that shares his feelings?

They carry this sentiment a little farther here than in New England, though they only carry it to its logical issue. They say, if of a different species of humanity, radically, perpetually—then of a lower—as is apparent by their history and condition. If of a lower, then they are the servants of the higher. If divinely appointed for servitude, where's the harm in slavery—*per se?* It may have its evils attending it—so has the ordinance, "wives, be subject to your husbands." But God and nature, man's and woman's nature, both recognize it as a general law, however hard it is for Yankee girls to confess it at the bridal altar. Now, we cannot uproot this brother's idea as to slavery until we pluck the tap-root of caste and prejudice from ourselves. We must first cast the beam out of our own eye, and then we can see clearly to cast the mote out of our brother's eye.

I find his feelings the common feeling here. Hence they talk flippantly about the blacks not being able to take care of themselves—not desiring freedom—not being as well off when free as when enslaved, and much other white trash, which goes for good common sense in this section of the country. I thought I would go to the fountain-head, and see if the waters tasted the same there. I would apply a little of Baconianism to the problem. So I asked the slaves and their tree kindred themselves, what they thought in these matters? How easy it is for a child to confound a philosopher, if the child has common sense, and the wise man has not! I don't suppose all the gentlemen I have talked with on this subject,—and they have not been a few,—have conversed with as many of their colored neighbors, and in some cases, as I have been told by themselves, blood relations, on these vital questions—in all their lives, as I have talked with in the last forty days. They are regular Aristotelians on this subject of inquiry. They shut themselves up in their own exclusive Caucasian conceit, and theorize as to the state of feeling in their neighbors, whom they never honestly converse with.

Two interesting proofs of this occurred here but this week. I was visiting at one of the elegant seats surrounding our camp. The subject of slavery came up. The lady of the house was in great fear of insurrections in the Cotton States, the gentleman laughed at her fears. "Slaves wouldn't take their liberty if it was offered them," he said. "He tried it once." "Who will take care of the pickaninnies when they are sick?" says Juno. "Who will give me a dollar and a horse to ride to town, if I am free?" says Jupiter. So the king of gods and men, and his ox-eyed queen, "*soror uxorque Jovis*," have their ears bored through, and well hung with brass pendants, and become bond-servants forever to a lank, brown, strutting, tobacco-chewing lot of humans. [The gentleman aforesaid is not of this class. He is a Unionist and a non-slaveholder, having manumitted the "gods of Greece," in spite of their protestations.] How changed from those divinities who shook the world with their nod, and who sat in calm authority over the great Trojans, and greater Greeks and Romans, in their long, eventful history! I thought I would hunt up some of these gods and goddesses, and if I did not worship at their feet, I would at least inquire reverently as to their feelings on the matter of freedom and slavery.

The next day, I sat in the woods reading, when Jupiter came along disguised as an old black man, with a basket on his arm and a staff in his hand. Having been taught in Grecian mythology, I detected the deity in spite of the disguise. I addressed him respectfully. He was complacent and conversable. I asked him his name. He had assumed for the present that of John Diggs.

"Are you a slave?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever been one?"

"Yes, sir! till I was thirty-odd years old."

"How did you get your freedom?"

"My mistress gave it to me at her death."

"How long have you been free?"

"Some fifteen or twenty years."

"Well, I understand you free blacks are not half as well off as the slaves. That is true, isn't it?"

"No, sir; I live better than I ever did when a slave."

"But they say you won't work—you are all lazy."

"They won't give us a chance, sir. They don't like to encourage the free negro, and so they hire slaves or the Irish, and let us starve. We would work as heartily as anybody if they would hire us."

"But why were n't you happier when a slave? You had enough to eat and drink then, and wherewithal to be clothed?"

"I didn't have any more than I do now; besides, now when I sit down to my dinner and supper, I don't have somebody come blustering and swearing round the door, swinging his whip and flogging me away to any kind of hard work, though ever so tired. Ah! sir, I'm a great deal happier eating my poor supper, now-a-days, with my wife and child, than I ever was when a slave."

"Have you any relations in slavery?"

"All my brothers and sisters."

"Where?"

"In Prince George's County, sir."

"They don't wish to be free, do they?"

"Yes, sir; every slave does."

"You must be mistaken. A good many gentlemen have told me that they don't want to be free."

"I would like to have them offer the slaves their liberty."

"But what makes you want to be free?"

"Why, sir, you know when a boy's about thirteen years old, he feels as he'd like to be his own master, and the feeling don't grow any less as he grows older."

So ended my catechism and his replies. The twinkle of his eyes, as he told of his happiness over the scanty supper-table, and the passion of boys for freedom, spoke far more than his lips. I asked him if he went to meeting. "O yes, I've been a Methodist for most forty years." "Why don't you go to the church in the village?" "O, sir, 'pears as the white folks don't like to have us worship with them, and so we have to have a house of our own."

"Well, religion is a good thing, isn't it?" "Yes, sir, sweeter than honey, sweeter than sugar, better than coffee, sir." I could appreciate that climax, after forty days' drinking of camp coffee. I was glad to find that Jupiter had experienced religion, and become a humble and happy Christian. The war shows that Mars has met with a change also.

At Washington, I asked a waiter similar questions. He was free, had been born a slave, bought himself for six hundred dollars; his wife and children were yet slaves, and were sold from him to Tennessee. "I asked why he was so foolish as to work hard and raise money to buy himself? Everybody here said the slaves were better off than the free blacks." "O, sir," said he, "I wanted to lie down massa, and get up massa!" "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," as these supercilious whites esteem their colored brethren, "has God ordained strength, that he may still the enemy and the avenger."

I was visiting yesterday a brother's farm with a couple of very agreeable and intelligent Methodist brethren, all non-slaveholders. It was a beautiful hill-farm. The potatoes and tomatoes a foot high, the clover more than three feet deep, and everything in the highest state of cultivation. I rejoice to say it was honest culture. No slave's sweat made it cry out to God. I complimented him on his freedom from that curse. He disliked slavery; would not own slaves because they were not profitable; but had been an overseer in his younger days, and thought slavery was the best state for the blacks. I told him what John Diggs and the Washington "Massa" had said. The three brethren instantly acknowledged the soundness of their reasoning. I doubt if they had ever thought of it before.

But I am getting more than usually prolix. The subject draws me on. I have talked with not a few blacks, and find but one sentiment. One old man, with but one leg, said he thought the war was for liberty. "Liberty for whom?" I asked. "For all of us,—white and black." I asked him if he would fight in the war. "Yes," he answered, "as much as he could with his one leg."

I believe the people would hear lectures on this subject: I have no doubt they would from their own ministers and native citizens. I have preached twice here, and was introduced into the pulpit as an avowed abolitionist. What do you think of the trustees being asked if it would do to let an abolitionist preach in a house deeded to the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church? Don't some of our old abolitionists remember like experiences, in Boston even? The abolitionist was invited this time—which is more than they could say in their case—and re-invited, and after more than hinting at the truth as it is in Jesus in respect to slavery, speaking so plainly that the strong men began to bow themselves in fear of what was coming, and recalling with vivid apprehension the fable of the farmer and the viper, he was invited by a slaveholder in the congregation to dine with him. Their fears were calmed when they saw him condescend to patronize the abolitionist.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT MENDOZA.

A Valparaiso letter of May 1st, in the New York *Commercial*, says:—

"All the accounts received from Mendoza go beyond the statements at first made concerning that fated town. Every letter that comes giving details shows the horror of the calamity to be more and more complete Ruin, desolation and death characterize the scene. At the most moderate calculation, it is now judged that ten thousand lives have been lost. The town was all peace and activity. Customers were in the shops, visitors in the parlors, loungers about the corners—a bright moon shone—when in five seconds the whole town was in a heap, or rather a series of heaps of ruins. The cloud of dust from the fallen walls was so dense that for half an hour the moon was invisible, an intense darkness adding to the confusion and dismay of survivors.

Ere long, the lurid light of burning buildings, or remains of buildings, began to gleam. Three different shops took fire from the lamps. Some persons who had been buried under the walls, but were still alive, were burned. On every hand rose cries for help. But those under the ruins were actually more in number than the survivors. Few remained to render aid; fewer still were disposed to render it. It is said that some were so terrified as to go away from the town by the ranting of a Jesuit, that the world was coming at once to an end, and the day of judgment was at hand. The superstitious prophet told the people the earth would shortly sink under them, and they left the vicinity.

Robbery then set in. The shops and houses were scenes of unhindered pillage. The earth at intervals was still trembling. The savage robbers would rob, and then kneel in prayer, crying in loud voice for mercy, and up and at the work of depredation once again. All the time cries for assistance were assailing their ears on every hand; here a woman's voice, there the feeble cry of an old man, but all in vain. They would not hear.

From the town of San Juan, two hundred soldiers came with spades and picks, but the Governor of Mendoza actually forbade their entering the town! Troops from Mendoza had attacked San Juan recently, and he affected to fear that they had come for vengeance. It is currently thought many lives might have been saved, had proper excavations been made at once.

One man who, at the time of the shock, was away from his home, returning after a few days, found his children uninjured beneath the bedstead—that is to say, without scar or bruise, but lifeless, probably from suffocation.

A nun was taken out alive, who had been under the ruins eight days. She was in a state of extreme prostration, but still living; however, she did not survive, such had been the shock to her system, and such her exhaustion.

A man was actually taken out who had been sixteen days buried under the ruins. He had sustained a bruise on the head in which worms had bred. His hip had been injured, so that decay had commenced in it, and yet he was alive. Hopes were entertained that he might be brought round. However, all failed; the poor fellow died six days after he was taken out.

A man named Godey and his wife were for some time buried in their own dining-room ruins. As they had a little bread and wine, they sustained life till relief came.

The probability is, that Mendoza will never be rebuilt. Certainly it will not on the former site."

Thus far the Northern horde have lost two of their most renowned Colonels, before they have encountered any armed force of the South. Ellsworth, an upstart summerset-turner, who carried a strolling company of so-called Zouaves about the country last Summer, exhibiting their feats of grand and lofty tumbling at 25 cents admission, children and negroes half price, has suffered the penalty of an act of audacity and insult to the Confederate States; and Col. Vosburgh, a commander of one of the New York Regiments, died recently from the effects of over-exertion and excitement at the Relay House. This is the beginning of the end. There are a few others of these ruffians whom we commend to the special notice of our sharpshooters. The blear-eyed demagogue of Massachusetts, the uxorious S